My Septuagint

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D.

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My Septuagint

BY

Charles Force Deems

Pastor of the Church of the Strangers
and
President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy

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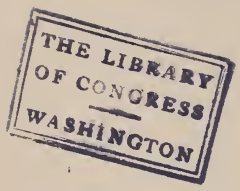

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THE name of this book probably suggested itself to my mind because what it contains has been written since the LXII. anniversary of my birthday.

That is all.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED TO THE

MEMORY OF THE

LXX

MEN

ALL DEPARTED THIS LIFE

PERSONAL CONTACT WITH WHOM NOW

SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MOST INFLUENTIAL

FOR GOOD IN THE FORMATION OF MY CHARACTER AND THE FURTHERANCE OF MY CAREER

William Henry Allen
James O. Andrew
Spencer M. Baird
William H. Battle
Gregory T. Bedell
Thomas E. Bond
William C. Bryant
Merritt Caldwell
George G. Cookman
Melville B. Cox
David Creamer
Howard Crosby
George David Cummins
Daniel Curry
Jacob Day
George W. Deems
Theodore Disosway Deems
Israel D. Disosway
Gabriel P. Disosway
William E. Dodge
George Duffield
Divie Bethune Duffield
David Duncan
John P. Durbin
John Early
John E. Edwards
John Emory
Robert Emory
Isaac Errett
Clinton B. Fisk
Manning Force
John B. Gough
Henry W. Grady
James Lorimer Graham
William Mercer Green
Francis Hall
Samuel Smith Harris
Francis L. Hawks
Roswell D. Hitchcock
Edmund S. Janes
Turner M. Jones
Christian Keener
Thomas G. Low
Benjamin N. Martin
John McClintock
Holland N. McTyeire
Alexander Means
Elisha Mitchell
Robert S. Moran
Belden Noble
Van Rensalaer Osborn
Robert Paine
George Peck
George F. Peirce
James Phillips
Noah Porter
David M. Reese
E. Yates Reese
Thomas B. Sargent
The Earl of Shaftesbury
Henry B. Smith
Charles H. Spurgeon
Arthur Peurhyn Stanly
John Summerfield
David L. Swain
Cornelius Vanderbilt
William H. Vanderbilt
Beverly Waugh
Ransom B. Welch
Alexander Winchell

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I.

AT SEVENTY-ONE.

[Written for my Friends, May 10, 1892.]

I was a very small boy when a phrase in the ninetieth Psalm lodged itself in some cell of my brain, and from time to time rang through my head with a solemn cadence in its tone. That phrase was "the days of our years are three-score years *and ten.*" The sound was solemn, but seemed to indicate nothing nearer than eternity. The ninetieth Psalm is part of the church service at the burial of the dead. When I became a clergyman its frequent repetition seemed to settle its whole solemnity on the concluding monosyllable, "*ten.*" The "score" of years seemed to make but little impression upon me at first, but it was the word "*ten!*" The "three-score" years over did

not alarm me; but it was the "*ten!*" When I had passed my two-score years still it was the "*ten*" that pealed in my imagination. It grew more and more solemn after I had passed half way down the decade which succeeded my third "score" of years; it was still the knell of the "ten!"

One of the most relieving sensations of my life was when I had passed the "three-score years and ten," and I remember the buoyancy of feeling which came to me one December morning when I arose and stretched myself, and to myself did say most cheerfully, "I am seventy-*one.*" The old and harrowing phrase has had no more power over me since that day; with "three-score years and ten" I am done forever and ever.

Then I commenced a new life, and so far as times, seasons and periods are concerned I have no feelings different from those which characterized my life thirty years ago. Before passing the limit marked by Moses in his mortuary Psalm I was accustomed to measure my life by decades, but since that period I have seemed to be able more wisely to "number my days."

I have written the above in answer to the ques-

tion, "How does a man feel at three-score years and ten?" I look into my heart and make the following additional response: I am not conscious of having any of those several symptoms which have generally been supposed to indicate old age, except the one pointed out by Solomon, "They shall be afraid of that which is high." I cannot climb as I once could. Four flights of stairs tire me very much, and I am sensible of a secret wish that all my dear parishioners and friends might live on the first floor. Otherwise, as I write to-day, with the splendor of this beautiful morning streaming into my study and lighting up the life-size portrait of my dear wife, who, by the way, has borne with my manners in this wilderness nine years longer than the Lord endured Israel—I do not feel any lessening of the ability of my body to give me pleasure. Yesterday three meals were eaten with as keen an appetite as the meals I took at college even on foot-ball days. I did more in the week preceding than in any week of my middle life, and last night for seven hours slept a sleep as sweet as that of my childhood. I enjoy beautiful sights, landscapes, lovely women and children,

statuary and paintings, as much as I ever did in earlier life. Music is as pleasing to me; gayest dance-music as well as the high sound of chants in the pomp of the most solemn worship. I enjoy boys; I love to see them at play; and, when permitted to join them, I enter into the plans and purposes of young people with zest. I have no feeling of age, except perhaps by an occasional startling suggestion of declining additional work because the time before me may be so short! On the contrary I generally find myself planning for new things which require many years; and I have schooled myself into treating, as far as I can, the passage of time, as I suppose I shall probably treat the passage of eternity, if eternity has any passage.

Twenty-five years ago, when providence seemed to indicate to me that I was to enter upon the career which has proved to be the pastorate of the "Church of the Strangers," I had an inward shrinking, and I said, "I am too old;" but to-day, if I accepted a call to a pastorate of a "Church of the Strangers" in London, or to the head of an university, or to the presidency of a railway system,

I should enter upon the discharge of the duties thereof with a certain sense of alertness. When I call myself an "old fellow" my friends must understand that it is simply tipping my hat to Father Time and has no more solemnity in it than belongs to such a slight courtesy. I take delight in work. I would rather preach than eat, and I like to eat. Life is worth living. Marriage is not a failure. Death has no fright in it. Eternity is not more awful than time. These are my sentiments to-day.

I have been asked, "Would you wish to live your life over again?" The answer to that question depends upon its meaning. If it mean to inquire whether I would be willing to commence life just as I did at birth, have each day with its joys and sorrows, with its gains and its losses, preceding its successor, precisely as the days of my life up to this date have done, I should say unhesitatingly "no." Why should I? I *have* lived those days, and there would be nothing gained if I went precisely over the same steps. The next seventy-one years would be no better nor worse than the seventy-one years I have passed. But if

the question mean, would I like to begin another seventy-one years with the experience I already possess, my answer is "I have begun it." I am on my second period of seventy-one years; whether they shall be passed in this life or in another is simply tantamount to the question whether they shall be passed in America or in Europe. But if there be a third meaning to the question, "would I like now, in this last decade of the 19th century, to commence, with all my experience and knowledge in a body like my infant body, and run sixty years into the 20th century?" I rather think I should answer "yes." For three reasons: in the first place, as I began my life with no capital except my infant body and my spiritual possibilities, I should commence this new life with a comparatively great wealth of developed power; and, secondly, I should have the play of those life powers in a century which, to my vision, promises to be more splendid than all its predecessors; and thirdly, I have no violent desires to go into another world. I find myself feeling in regard to that other world much as I supposed I should have felt in regard to this world, if I had felt at all, and I have no

recollection that I greatly desired to come into this human life on earth. If there be immortal existence it matters not whether I enter upon it to-day or years or centuries hence.

It gladdens me to reflect that my three-score years and ten have been spent in the most interesting and important century of human history. Since I was born Christianity has made greater progress than in any period of ten times its length since Christ ascended. More copies of the Bible have been printed than in all the preceding years since the Reformation. Missions and missionaries have been multiplied at a rate much surpassing that of any other period in the history of Christendom, and I have witnessed an improvement in Christian theology and Christian charity and Christian unity, which, if not keeping pace with Christian activity, gives a promise brighter than that which ever shone on the latter days of any Christian man who died before I was born.

In all that makes life worth living and increases its power of multiplying itself, I have seen and enjoyed more than my predecessors. Science has widened knowledge and broadened humanity, the

applications of science have made cottages palaces and the man of the present to realize the fables regarding both Argus and Briareus, in having a hundred eyes and a hundred hands. The improvement in the telescope and microscope, and the invention of the spectroscope, have increased the range of vision. Steam and electricity have given the hundred hands in that they enable the man of to-day to work in a hundred places, whereas when I was born he could work only in one. Tear down all the telegraphs and telephones and steam presses, tear up all the railroads, blow up all the steamers, annihilate all the phonographs and sewing machines and typewriters, extinguish all the electric lights and pull down all the gas fixtures and gas factories, wipe out almost everything west of the Alleghanies, and reduce the cities east thereof to villages, the largest cities not exceeding 100,000 inhabitants, and you would reduce our country and our life to what they were when I began my threescore years and ten.

I find myself, I do believe, this day more willing to live and more willing to die, than I ever did in any day before. I find myself concerned less with

the past and less with the future than I ever was before. I have the abiding conviction that the best of all things is for me to live this day without stop, without haste, with all my power of doing and of enjoying the things which God has given me. I have no intention ever to retire. Often, very, very weary, I think that if a syndicate were to offer me ten millions of dollars, to take care of me the rest of my life, provided I would promise never again to speak in public, never to write another line for the press, never again to make an engagement, never again to take an appointment, and to resign now all the offices I hold in church, in school and in society, I would refuse the ten millions, although I may not have ten months or even ten days to live. I have abundant pastorate cares, great number of calls, a correspondence which, together with two secretaries, I cannot so meet as to close any day with no unanswered letter, and I have natural parental care for my girls who are married, for my boys who are in business, my company of children and children-in-law, and my little host of grand-children, and I am not pecuniarily rich, so as to be free from studying how to live

properly in my position with my income. Perhaps I know as many people in New York as almost any other person, but to-day I do not know any happier man. My loves are sweeter than my earliest sweetheart loves. My friends seem more and nobler than they ever have before. I sit in my study and talk to my heart, and dictate these lines, and feel that I am approaching the experience of the Apostle Paul "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

To my increasing passionate love for the personality of Jesus Christ I attribute all that is sweet and good in the present condition of my life. Increasingly He seems to become the rarest, finest gentleman I have ever known; the noblest, truest, most satisfying friend I have ever had; and so grand a conqueror of all worlds that I am ready to stay with Him in any world or go with Him to any world. "I know Whom I have believed." Being assured of the immortality of my spirit because of my spiritual alliance with Him, I have ceased to pray to be delivered from sudden death, which may be a blessing. Leaving it all to Him I am able to address this

mortal soul-life in the words of the good and gifted Mrs. Barbauld:

> Life! we've long been together
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good Night"—but in some brighter clime—
> Bid me "Good Morning!"

II.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THEOLOGY.

THEOLOGY is a human science, just as astronomy is. The latter consists of the facts of the stellar universe as observed by man and classified by human skill, together with a generalization which formulates the laws of those facts. The same is true of geology, chemistry, or any other science, according to its objects. Theology is the formulation by the human intellect of all that it can learn of the facts of God. If there be a God who is the First Cause, He must be the Creator of all things in heaven and in earth. The field of theology, therefore, is boundless. Whoever makes any contribution to any science in any department must thereby make a contribution to theology. It follows that theology must be a progressive science.

It can never be considered as finished any more than astronomy, which is a progressive science. Theology must be more progressive than astronomy, its boundaries being enlarged in some measure by the enlargement of the boundaries of any of the other sciences.

That which distinguishes theology from every other science is this: that it is impossible to make the slightest advance in any department of any science without making a contribution to theology. That gives theology its great dignity and makes it the *scientia scientiarum*. The facts of the universe do not change, but men's knowledge of them does. Facts may exist without a man's knowing them, but his science depends upon his knowledge of the facts as things done or made. The facts of God are something which God has done or made. If God is not the author of the Bible, then the Bible can make no contributions to theology. The absolute facts of God are all that we have as materials for the construction of theology.

Was the physical universe created, or is matter eternal? This is a question of abstract thought. The very moment we come to the consideration of

the possible hypothesis of a Creator we enter on the beginnings of theology. We pursue a theological investigation when we ask the question, Is the authorship of the Bible in God or in man? If it be settled that the Bible is of human authorship, like Dante's "Inferno" and Milton's "Paradise Lost," it ceases to be of any more importance in theological study than either of those books. A thinker who believes that God is the original Creator of that which is developed into all things will be interested in the Bible as he would be in a locomotive as being a product of a product of God. If he belongs to a certain school of thinkers, the interest in the poem or locomotive will be still further removed from God, because in that case it will be a product of a product of a product of God—God being considered the Creator of simply the first of everything, from which has sprung everything else, including humanity with all its generations.

As materials for theology there is a difference in the values of nature and the Bible. The facts of the former have to be gathered through long cycles of observation, while in the Bible they lie patent in print before the eye. If the Bible be the work of

God, God therein does for man what man could not do for himself nor of himself, even with the aid of nature, through any period or by any kind or amount of study. Like a telescope, it brings to sight the truths too far off for the naked eye of the mind, besides doing in the department of natural theology what it would require cycles upon cycles of scientific study to discover from any natural facts. The destruction of the Divine authorship of the Bible, therefore, would throw down a very large portion of the structure of theology. This is so apparent that all men who think on the subject see how profound an interest there is in the question, Is God in any sense the Author of the Bible or any portion thereof? If "Yes," in what sense and of what portions? We thus perceive that there is a double outlook to biblical theology; first, as to the extent of authority of the Bible; and, secondly, as to its significance. So the destruction of the Divine authorship of nature would throw down a large portion of the structure of theology. If Divine authorship be denied to both nature and the Bible, then theology is eliminated from human studies.

Theologic researches naturally divide themselves into (1) examinations of the vehicles of God's self-revelation, and (2) studies in the contents of those media of communication. The former is ordinarily called science, and the latter criticism.

In regard to the older Bible, Nature, students now seem more and more to consider it not as a thing existing by itself—of which it affords no evidence—but as something produced by one for another as a book is produced by an author for a reader, of which it affords abundant evidence, growing larger and clearer as more and better study is given it. Now that very characteristic of its nature gives form and coloring to the theology which comes of study of the physical universe. If the universe be regarded as self-existing, then men might hold to evolution, which is distinctly non-theistic, if not atheistic, not requiring a god for the reason that it is founded on the assumption that the possibility and potency and promise of all things reside in matter *as matter*. This has always proved unsatisfactory from a highly scientific point of view, because as a hypothesis it necessarily leaves so many facts unprovided for; but so soon as the physical

universe is taken as a book, then every single fact discovered up to date and heretofore used to support evolution is accounted for, with the addition of the advantage of accounting for all those other facts scientifically discovered, which not only have hitherto failed to support evolution, but seem even to such minds as Mr. Darwin's to stand directly contrary to it. In this department, therefore, we perceive a growing disposition to accept the development theory, which accounts for all the processes in nature, not as *coming out*, but as *brought out;* not as the product of the automatic action of soulless matter, but as first put into matter by a Creator and then drawn out under His instant and constant support and supervision. The effect of this movement in natural theology is good every way. It not only leaves science free, but stimulates scientific research. It gives consistency to all intellectual effort in this department, and is a clew to a labyrinth which we should otherwise have to explore by groping. It gives vividness, lifeness, so to speak, to human study. The student is not alone with the Book. It is as if Plato should enter the room and assist the student who is striving to make

out the meaning of some intricate passages of the "Phædo" or the "Gorgias." The belief in the Creator-God is increased by the feeling which every truly scientific mind perceives as pressing upon it—namely, that if there were no God we should be compelled, in the interest of science, to invent one. I think the outlook on this side is very hopeful.

Now when we turn to the newer Bible, contained in what is commonly known as the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, we are in the department of criticism. The outlook here shows a resolute determination upon the part of many astute and strong thinkers to submit the book to precisely the same kind of examination as that to which are submitted all the books now coming fresh from the press, books that acknowledge authorship in all departments of literature. It is as if one examined the Ark of the Covenant, not looking on it with eyes of reverence, but handling it, taking it apart, putting the knife into it, ascertaining what is the fibre and grain of the wood, measuring it with tape and yard-stick, and weighing it on scales and submitting it to examination to ascertain whether the sides, the bottom, and the top are

composed each of one piece or more. To those who worship God in the "Ark," this would seem to be an intolerable operation. If a man had devised it for the residence of his dignity he might resent such a procedure; but perhaps God does not. The patient God, who makes an Ark not for the Ark's sake, but to be a residence of His mercy, not for that mercy's sake, but for the sake of men, may be quite willing that that repository shall have the most thorough secular examination if it result in making men more and more believe and trust the Divine mercy therein enshrined.

It seems to me that there need be no distress in any mind in regard to this procedure. When Jehovah moved before Israel in that which was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, a devout Israelite need not have been disturbed if some scientist felt disposed to enter upon an examination of that pillar to ascertain whether its substance was fume or vapor, so long as it retained visible shape sufficient to be a guide, so long as it illuminated the camp by night, so long as its motions could guide to the times and place for the pitching and breaking of the camp, so long it would discharge

the functions necessary for God's guidance of His people; and that is all God intended it for. It is easy to perceive that the cloud in the desert was not necessary to the existence of Jehovah's power and glory, but that it was necessary for the people who beheld it. It is very manifest that the Ark of the Covenant was not necessary to the existence of God's mercy, but that it was helpful to the people who saw it as a reminder of the mercy of their God.

So we need not worry because men are treating the Bible as they would any other piece of literature. Either God is in the Bible or He is not. No man is any more interested than any other man in proving or disproving the Divine residence. If God be there all criticism will fail to eject Him; and if He be not there no one has any more interest in making Him present in the book "Genesis" or the book "Isaiah" than in Motley's "History of the United Netherlands" or in Goethe's "Faust." Guesses, hypotheses, or theories of Pentateuch or Hexateuch, Elohism or Jehoism, one Isaiah or ten, ante-exilic or post-exilic date, cannot affect the influence over the human

heart of any book whose content is felt to be of Divine authorship. In physical science the hypothesis cannot change the facts. Whether the corpuscular or vibratory theory of light be maintained light is all the same. Theories of inspiration may vary; but if there be a God-power in a book, or in a cloud, or in an ark, *men will feel it.* Theories of inspiration have varied from that of the Divine dictation of every single word in the written law and Gospel to that of merely generally good influence over intellects not preserved from all errancy. This may simply be a question of mode of Divine authorship among men who agree as to the fact of Divine authorship.

One of the latest indications of movement on this subject has been made by the reception of the new book, "Lux Mundi." A very short time ago there was a convention of members of the Established Church of England, in which was brought forward a resolution to condemn the teaching of this book on the subject of inspiration. That resolution was overwhelmingly defeated. This does not show any endorsement of the doctrines of that book, but it does show that the general mind of

the Church of England is in such a state as can allow its members to set forth any possible doctrines on inspiration, while yet holding the Bible as, in some really strong sense, *the Word of God.* The scholars in the Wesleyan body in England have perhaps brought theology to a more reasonable form, to a more judicious union of what are called Arminianism and Calvinism, and to greater consistency with the Bible, than any other body of Christian thinkers. One significant occurrence among them is now reported. Recently in the city of London there was a large meeting of Wesleyan ministers, at which Professor Davison read a paper endorsing "Lux Mundi," with its views of the Pentateuch, the two Isaiahs, the uncertain date of authorship of Daniel, and a denial of verbal inspiration. He congratulated the Wesleyan ministers that their creed contained no article defining inspiration, and that they put their religion on faith *in Christ*, and not on faith *in a book.* A motion was made to publish the professor's address. An amendment to print it *only for the ministers* was overwhelmingly defeated.

These two recent events indicate the general out-

look of theology as to the book-vehicle of God's facts from which we are to make theology.

The phrase "make theology" is used intentionally. Theology is a human fact made from Divine facts. As the old facts of nature make new physical science, as the old facts of mind are used to make new mental philosophy, so improved views of the old facts of the Bible will be used to make new theologies, and we have a right to hope better theologies. A man or a body of men in the nineteenth century must be better prepared to formulate a theology than a man or a body a men of the same ability and piety in the sixteenth century, because the former have all that the latter had, with the advantages of the learning gained in three centuries, in which there has been more quickened thought and more really vital and active piety than in any ten preceding centuries. No man in any century can make any new God-fact; but, as the centuries go forward, out of the same old fact or Word of God, as Robinson said in the cabin of the Mayflower, more and more light will come forth, and that increasing light will come because men's vision will be enlarged to receive more light.

In the mean time let us be quite patient with one another. We shall obstruct the progress of truth if we do not draw the distinction there clearly as between the denial of a certain theory of inspiration and the denial of inspiration itself. If two Christian scholars announce their belief in the inspiration of the Pentateuch, one holding that Moses was the amanuensis of the Holy Spirit, another that each of the books was anonymous, we need not denounce the two scholars as heretics because we agree with a third, seeing that all of them agree with us that the real author is God. It is as if the question arose as to which of a number of secretaries employed by any man may have addressed us a particular letter; that is of little consequence, so that we acknowledge that our friend himself is the real author of the letter. Even if there be here and there an omitted word, a little break in a sentence, or a little obscurity in a phrase, the content assures us of the authorship. Because it concerns that which is known only to our correspondent and ourselves, we are sure that he must be the real, ultimate author of the letter. We need not be concerned about the fallibility of

those whom we have reason to believe to be God's secretaries so long as we hold to the infallibility of God. Christ said, "The words that I have spoken to you, *they* are spirit and *they are* life;" we gain nothing by changing that into "they are letters and syllables." A word may be spelled differently at different times, and yet always be intelligible and always mean the same thing. The author of the Bible is the author of nature, and yet in nature we perceive breaks, imperfections, and apparently irreconcilable discrepancies. The farther and farther we press our scientific studies the more these both appear and disappear, and yet they do not at all shake our faith in the creatorship of God. So may it be with the authorship of the Bible.

The outlook now seems to be that the Bible is to be set free from many a theory of inspiration which has hampered it, and to be put in such a position that it may exercise over men the power of a really God-inspired book. As we advance in culture, that power, which has been greatly hindered by certain post-Reformation dogmatic scholasticisms, will break forth, and the Bible —God's Word—will ride on in splendor and

scatter the mists which human weakness has made around it, as the rising sun dissipates the vapor which its rays encounter on the eastern horizon. In this department the outlook of theology is most favorable.

There is little space to speak of the state of doctrinal theology. The "denominations" are coming together more and more. The discussion of doctrines seems to be producing a fusing process. The word "denomination" points to a name. It means that in which one school of Christian theology differs from any other school of Christian theology, without any reference whatever to that in which all schools of Christian theology agree. I think I have heard this called "provincialism." Augustinianism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism are provincial names; so are the words Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, Baptistism, Romanism. Christians in all these sections would admit that there are Christians in all other sections. Each is a species of the genus Christian. Genus is extensive, species is intensive; and in this, as in all other departments of classification, the genus is more important. In a logical

definition of a thing the genus is first given as indispensable in the thing which is about to be defined; to complete the definition you add the differentia to the genus. The differentia simply distinguishes the thing defined from other things which belong to the very same genus. For a long time men's attention was riveted to the differences of the schools. Now Christians are coming to consider the things wherein they agree. The kingdom of God begins to appear, as in point of fact it really is, very much greater than any of its provinces, little or large. In the great Republic of United Theologies it would seem that zeal for State's Rights is being absorbed into enthusiasm for Nationalism.

Moreover, there seems to be a tendency to change the point of view of the Bible's teaching of the doctrines of redemption. Heretofore theologies seem to have started with the sovereignty of God. Everything was studied in reference to the throne of the King. Now studies are more given to the salvation of man as a standing-point. There is no tearing up of the track, for the Bible is still here. There is no change of the locomotive, for human

reason is still here. But instead of starting from the station at the head of the valley and going down, theologians make their trains start out of the station at the foot of the valley. Evidently this does not change a single thing in the landscape, while it does give a new theology, but only in the sense of a new view of the same facts of God.

On the whole the outlook of theology seems hopeful. The agitation which is frightening many people is a movement toward settling things in a very much better relative position on the old foundations. The Bible, as the infallible God's revelation of the infallible rule of faith and practice, is dearer and more potential than ever before. The twentieth century is approaching our grand world with the sword of the spirit in its brave, uplifted, waving right hand, with the smile of faith upon his lips, the glowing crown of hope upon its brow, and a suffusion of heaven's love for earth overspreading its countenance. Men are coming to see that all the theology possible to man cannot make any man better, just as life cannot be produced by the best science, but that life may produce

the best science, and that there is a religion which is love of God and love of man; the love that loves man for God's sake; and that in the sight of God and man one grain of such religion outweighs a hundred tons of theology.

III.

A PRAYER.

O nail it to thy cross
  My wretched carnal pride
Which glories in its rags and dross
  And knows no wealth beside:
There let it surely die;
  But let my spirit be
Lifted, to sit with Thee on high
  And sweet humility.

IV.

EVOLUTION AND MORALITY.

In 1887 there was published in London an essay which bore the title, "Herbert Spencer's Theory of Religion and Morality." It has been republished in this country under the title of "The Moral and Religious Aspects of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy." From the essay we make the following extract as setting forth a friendly and an accurate statement of Mr. Spencer's theory of morality. It is to be remarked that Mr. Spencer has completed only one of his projected works on ethics, namely, the "Data of Ethics."

"Conduct is good when it conforms to the requirements of life; to the extent that it fails of accomplishing this end it is bad. But here it must be carefully borne in mind that, by reason of the entanglement of human actions, every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. Acts which

are good so far as the individual is concerned, may be bad when regarded from the standpoint of his offspring, or of society at large. Hence, in a social state, an act is moral only when it tends simultaneously to satisfy the needs of the actor himself, or of his offspring, and of society at large. In their summed-up effects, good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain; and *e converso*, bad acts produce more pain than pleasure. Perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all; where pain figures as a direct result of an act, that act is *pro tanto* wrong. No course of action is absolutely right which causes even a modicum of pain. Perfect goodness (that is, conduct which is absolutely right) and the greatest happiness are terms expressive of the same idea from different points of view. Perfect goodness means conduct that completely satisfies the separate and combined requirements of individual and social well-being: the greatest happiness describes the effect produced by this ideal fitness of things. To secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the great desideratum of life; but, since perfect goodness is the *sine qua non* of the greatest happiness, a perfectly moral life is the only means by which this desirable end can be attained. And this is true, despite the variable character of different standards of happiness, because the general conditions to the achievement of happiness are always the same, no matter how much the special conditions may vary. Hence, while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must not be made the direct object of pursuit. Our immediate aim must be to live at peace with our fellow-beings; to deal justly with them all in our transactions; and, finally, to render them active assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life."

If this Spencerian theory were true, let us see what would follow. If to make my conduct good,

I must conform to the requirements of life, then I must have a sufficiently wide outlook of life and a sufficient sagacity to perceive its requirements, in order to make my life virtuous. But where is the man amongst the most cultivated of men who is able to do this thing? Especially as by reason of the entanglement of human actions those who hold this theory perceive that every act must be considered with reference to its effect upon the actor himself, upon his offspring, and upon society at large. If this be the case, then it is impossible for all the intellect in all the world to formulate even a very simple system of ethics: and, if the evolution theory be right, the demand which the Spencerian theory of morals makes is correct. Each man must know whether any act tends to satisfy all the needs of all the world, or else he cannot tell whether it be good or bad. It may be true that under some happy effects good acts are productive of more pleasure than pain, but where is the intellect amongst men who can sum up the effects of any single action of any single man? It may be true that bad acts produce more pain than pleasure in the long run. They certainly do not always in

this present life. The pleasures of sin make the power of sin over human life. It would be difficult to decide the question whether in this mortal life those who commit sin have more pain than pleasure. How, then, are we to know of any act that it is a good or a bad act on this theory?

It might or might not be true that perfect goodness cannot give rise to any pain at all, but it certainly does not derive any probability from known facts in human life. Perhaps we have no case of perfect goodness amongst men. If we have, no one yet has discovered it, or if any one has discovered it, he has not yet exhibited it. We do know that the "goodness" with which we are acquainted may give much pain. We know that much of the pain that exists in the world is the product of goodness, that in many a life if there were none of the sacrifices of goodness, if the subject were brutally bad or obstinately hard, there would be no pain. The suffering of the innocent for the guilty is world-wide and a world-known thing. The goodness of heroism and the goodness of self-abnegation have brought pain from the days of the first-born man down to this day, wherein a brilliant woman has

given up mating with a noble man to pursue a magnificent career in human life, and has made this sacrifice that she may remain to discharge the offices of love which she believes have been bound upon her by a duty which excludes her from the offered career.

It was said above that we have had no example of perfect goodness in the world. The Christian reader may object to that, and say we have one man who has existed and in whom no fault could be found—Jesus of Nazareth. Well, if that be granted, His case overthrows the fundamental doctrine of the Spencerian theory, for He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and He died under the torture of exquisite pain. Every sorrow of that man's life, every grief of that man's heart, every agony of that man's body, was brought on Him by His goodness. If He had been merely as non-principled, we will not say unprincipled, as an ordinary man of the world, He might easily have avoided both His Gethsemane and His Golgotha.

Another question arises. Is it trne that to

secure the greatest possible quantum of happiness is the greatest desideratum of life? We should need to agree upon the word happiness. If happiness means freedom from pain, physical comfort, and the sense of the enjoyment of our environment, then the proposition could be readily denied. It is far from being the great desideratum of life. There may be something very much more desirable than all these, and in point of fact, for that something else all these things have been resigned by all the greatest and all the best men produced by the human race.

It is a little curious to be told that while the greatest happiness is the ultimate end of life, it must "not be made the direct object of pursuit." Why not? Then we are told what must be our immediate aim, namely, to live at peace with our fellow beings, to deal justly with them in all our transactions, and finally, to render them assistance in their efforts to gratify the lawful desires of life.

It would be interesting to be informed *how* I am to live at peace with my fellow beings; *how* I am to deal justly with them; and *what* are the

lawful desires of their life. These are the very points in question; a large portion of the science of ethics lies here.

If I am to know all the possible effects of any act of mine to determine whether it be lawful, I must have the same knowledge to determine whether the act or desire of my fellow man be lawful. *Where* am I to find all this? *How* am I to find all this? How is the man who rises up early and lies down late and sweats all day to make his bread, to know all these things? It is supposed that the evolution theory would teach us that as society progresses by a very large number of examinations of a very large number of cases, conducted by many generations, we should, by and by, in the lapse of cycles, come to learn the general tendency of particular acts, and so by the *imprimatur* of human society to declare some acts right and others wrong. But man has been too short a time on earth to have had opportunity for a safe conclusion.

And that pushes the difficulty only a little further back. How did this sense of "right" and "wrong" first come into the world? How did those quad-

rupedal ancestors of ours, who swung themselves by their long tails in the original arboreal academies, get the idea that there could be such a thing as "rightness" and its opposite "wrongness" among men? It must have had a beginning. It it possible to imagine any beginning of that distinction which has in itself formed the superbest thought that is entertained by the most cultivated intellects in this advanced period of humanity? How did it first come?

If Mr. Spencer carries forward his work, we shall be interested to see what he does in the department of the *Sanctions* of ethics. There may be some *Data* of ethics among the phenomena of human existence; there may be enough of them to make something of a system; but suppose the most perfect system could be formulated, the question readily arises, Why should I do such and such a thing. Suppose the answer be because it is right, I might then reply? *Why should I do right?* The response is, Because it conforms to the requirements of life. But who knows what are the requirements of life? And what right has life to make any requirements of me? Suppose I should

not choose to conform to the requirements of life, even when known, what then? Why should I be called bad, as the Spencerian theory does call me? I am told that in the long run it would give me more pleasure than pain to conform to what other people, or even I myself, regard as the requirements of life. Suppose, then, I take the ground that I do not want the pleasure of "the long run," that, for the pleasure which I can have in a certain course for five years, I prefer to be a consumptive or rheumatic for fifteen years, who has a right to say I am "bad" or "good" for that? Suppose I am taught that a virtuous act is one that promotes the greatest good of the greatest number, who shall denounce me if I say I do not care for the greatest good of the greatest number? In the first place, I do not know that it is good; in the next place I would rather they would not have so much pleasure; and, what claim have the greatest number upon me?

The greatest number I believe whom I can affect will live on this planet after I am dead. It is not a mere joke, but it is a serious philosophical question,—What has posterity ever done for me that I

should warp my life away from my preference, for posterity?

Why should a man do right? That is a serious question. It is that question which makes it imperative that I find out the *sanction* which is behind the data. In the most serious and candid thought has not this question arisen in every fair mind? Could men possibly find out what is right unless it be revealed to them by an infinite mind? Would an infinite mind reveal to mankind what is right and what is wrong unless that infinite mind had an interest in men avoiding wrong and doing right? If He have such interest, is it not natural to suppose that He will protect His interests, provided He can do so? Does not the admission of the existence of the ethical quality in human actions necessitate the existence of a Being capable of knowing all the possibilities of the infinite and capable of protecting His own moral interests? And does not this involve the antecedent probability of a revelation from Himself to humanity? Several things seem to follow:

Evolution, being atheistic (mark, not antitheistic), having no use for a God, believing that

matter as matter has in itself the promise and potency of all existence, and that nothing in which matter itself has not put forth automatically and without aid or superintendence, that the universe is a system *of* matter *by* matter *for* matter, may perceive some things that look like data of ethics, but must not ask itself to be received until it establish some sanction of ethics. The development theory does not carry that load. It accepts everything that science has established in regard to the development of the universe. It accepts everything already scientifically established which evolution accepts, but it teaches that all this progress has been made on what was originally created for development by an infinite Being and has been brought along the line of development by the constant supervision and exertion of the original Creator.

The development theory, therefore, is more scientific than the evolution, because it accounts more scientifically to the human mind for the greater number of phenomena. It does not leave the mind to grope its way through millions of years striving to find out whether any action be

right or wrong, and whether right be better than wrong, or wrong better than right, but it permits the possibility of supposing that the infinite mind might communicate its will in regard to the nature of human action in the very earliest stages of human existence.

The fact seems to be that the fundamental ethical idea of the difference between right and wrong, "ought" and "ought not" is no natural or scientific portion of evolution whatever, but is taken bodily from the other theory and foisted on to evolution, which does not afford a hasp sufficiently strong to hold so long and heavy a chain.

If there be a God, probably He knows what is right and what is wrong, and possibly He knows the "why" of the difference. *No one else can.* If He fail to make the communication to the human mind, then humanity is free from responsibility. Our knowledge of this whole subject must depend upon some such revelation. What God teaches man to be wrong is wrong, and what God teaches man to be right must be right. If there be any other kind of act, it is indifferent. Every act that has an ethical quality involves

responsibility. Responsibility means the being obliged to answer to one who has a right to demand. If there be no one in the universe who has a right to demand of me why I do so and so, then, in the sense of any responsibility, it does not matter whether I do so and so. Of irresponsible beings if cannot be affirmed that any of their actions are either right or wrong.

Evolution being simply on trial, it cannot be accepted in the department in which Mr. Spencer is writing until it establish the Sanction of Ethics.

V.

HEREDITY AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

A FEW things are supposed now to be scientifically settled. No inorganic matter has progeny. Every organism breeds and every organism produces after its kind. A vegetable does not produce an animal, nor an animal a vegetable. A vine does not produce thistles, nor an apple tree grapes. No monkey can be parent of a pig. It is possible by careful cross-breeding to produce a variety of pigeons, but the laws of species seem to be unchangeably fixed. Mr. Etheridge, perhaps as well informed a scientist as is now living, having charge of the British Museum, which has the amplest collection in the world, asserts that there is no evidence in all that vast collection of any transmutation of species. Then, probably, there is no such evidence anywhere.

The beneficence of this arrangement is apparent to any understanding. If there were no reign by law, no woman would know whether her coming child was to be a kitten, a puppy, or a human babe.

Not only does every animal produce after its kind, but it also transmits its physical characteristics to its offspring. When we come into the circle of animals which are human by reason of having intellect and conscience and conscious personality, it has been found that the child usually inherits the physical, the intellectual and the moral traits of its parents. As these come from two persons, the characteristics of the one modify the characteristics of the other. And then there are certain things in the environment which also modify the physical, intellectual and moral traits inherited from the parent. As a rule a man is the sum total of the characteristics of all his ancestors, modified by environment at every stage of transmission.

There is what may be called Initial Heredity. At the moment of its begetting, a child's parents, one or both, may be in some physical, intellectual, moral or spiritual condition quite out of the line of

their ordinary character and of that of their ancestors, and this may so affect the child as to be the beginning of a trait which may be transmitted. In studying any particular case, if there seem to come a phenomenon which contradicts the rule of transmission, it may be accounted for by this doctrine of Initial Heredity. The beginning was occult. The parents themselves may not have been conscious of it. No man can have taken observation of it; but still each man must be conscious of the possibility of its occurrence; and if it were supposed never to occur, then there would be a stream of transmission always of exactly the same breadth and depth and character, and this we know is not true in point of fact.

There is also what has been called Reversional Heredity, as in cases where physical, intellectual and moral characteristics have leaped one generation. An insane man may have a child of very good understanding, or a child of decided genius, while the grandchild, by that very son, may be insane. This "atavism," as it is called, is very far from being rare in human society. It is necessary not only to know who were a man's parents, but

also who were his grandparents and their grandparents.

It follows that in the constitution of nature men suffer for the sin of their ancestors; it may be of fathers or grandfathers, or of those very remote. The child comes into the world with the tendency of his family stream and the momentum acquired by its run through previous centuries. All this often gives a melancholy coloring to the varied forms of human society. It is pitiful to see little children born in the slums with an ancestry of guilt and filth and all downward tendency. It is hard for them. But, with tenderest regard for the individual case, what thoughtful person would have it otherwise? Would you, when you remember that if the law of transmission did not prevail, a man who cultivated himself would do so simply for himself and for his immediate generation, with no ability to send the blessedness down to future generations? For we must remember that this power of transmission does not reside alone in characteristics which are evil, but that it is equally potent and more persistent in characteristics which are good and beneficent.

Erasmus Darwin, in his "Botanical Garden" (1781), wrote: "It is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing till the family becomes extinct." Mark that phrase, "even to the third generation."

One hundred years after (1886), Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, in a paper on "Inebriety and Heredity," wrote: "In these cases there seems to be in certain families a regular cycle of degenerative diseases. Thus in one generation great eccentricity, genius and a high order of emotional development. . . . In the next generation, inebriate, feeble-minded or idiot. In the third generation, paupers, criminals, tramps, epileptics, idiots, insane, consumptives and inebriates. *In the fourth generation they die out* or may swing back to great geniuses, pioneers and heroes, or leaders of extreme movements."

The result of the observation of violent viciousness made by these scientific men is in accord with the first statement in the second commandment of the decalogue, in which Jehovah is represented as "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children

unto the third and fourth [generation] of them that hate [Him] and showing mercy unto thousands [of generations] of them that love [Him] and keep [His] commandments."

Outbreaking sin destroys a family in a few generations, but good character nourished by continual intermixture of good blood never exhausts itself, but shows the probability of perpetuating itself through thousands of generations. Good is stronger than evil, says science; so say the Bible writers.

If the law were suddenly reversed there could be no calculation whatever in the production of either brute animals or human animals as to their characteristics. Now we know that there is something in blood. Now we inquire, even in regard to a horse, what kind of animal was its dam and what its sire. Now we have the stimulus of building up families in nobility of character. But if this law were suspended all *that* would be at an end, and that which is the most important process in all nature, namely, the production of human children, would be left wholly to chance.

It is interesting and important to inquire what relation scientific teachings, in regard to heredity,

have to the teachings of what Christians believe to be the revealed Word of God in regard to sin and salvation. The longer men pursue science and the more genuinely scientific they become, the more they discover that if anything seems to be scientific, and is not in accord with true religion, it cannot be accepted as scientific, but must be held for examination. The result of scientific studies in this department explains a number of hitherto obscure passages in the Bible, and the doctrine of heredity is now found to have been in the sacred Scriptures as it was in nature, although it has required all these centuries to be discovered in both. In the first book of Genesis, in the Ten Commandments, in the Psalms, in the Prophets, in the words of Jesus, in the apostolic writings, these doctrines of heredity may now be clearly discerned. We might have reached them without the Bible. There is much in the Bible which is not essentially a distinct revelation from God, because some things written therein could have been discovered by unaided human intellect, and much was already known when the Bible was written. The chief value of the Holy Scripture to us as a revelation from God lies in that

which could not otherwise have been discovered, and which it reveals.

For instance when we look upon so much evil in the world that is hereditary, it has a tendency to make us pessimistic. When each man looks at the evil tendency of his own nature he is apt to say, "There is no use for me to try to be moral, decent and good; this old blood that I inherited from my ancestors, without my will or consent, makes me a born and a perpetual scoundrel." It is at this point that the revelation of the Holy Scripture comes with its important and sustaining influence. It teaches us that a man is not responsible for inheriting evil tendency; he had nothing to do with that. It teaches that no man is held morally responsible for any sins of any of his ancestors. In Ezekiel xviii. it is explicitly taught, "The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die." For no matter what may have been a man's ancestry, if he has walked in the statutes and has kept the judgments of the Lord God to deal truly, that man is just and he shall surely live. If that man by reason of an unfortunate marriage shall beget a son that is a robber or a shedder of blood, or a committer of other abominations, that son shall

surely die; he shall not be saved by reason of the piety of his father. Now, if that bad man's son, the grandson of the good man, see all his father's sins which he hath done, and consider and do not such like, but fight against his proclivities, he shall not die for the iniquity of his father; he shall surely live.

Another thing follows: no man can release himself from responsibility because he inherits evil proclivities. Once I had a parishioner who was a man learned in the Scriptures and one of the most instructive lay-speakers in devotional meetings I have ever heard. He was related to a family of distinguished theologians. Weeks before I had alluded in a sermon to some phase of transmitted characteristics, when I met him on the street, staggering, maudlin, slabbering, his beard and clothes soiled. He came up to me affectionately, put his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Doctor, this is a case of atavism. You think I'm drunk: it's my grandfather. The old fellow used often to get on a tear; he's on a tear to-day and I can't help it; but"— for he probably saw the solicitude in my eyes— "I'm all right. Don't be anxious, dear old Pastor,

I'm one of the elect; but I can't help that old grand-daddy's sprees." Now here was a man of decided mental power, actually befooling his own intellect in regard to so important a matter as his moral responsibility. While not responsible for my tendencies, and certainly not for the original sin which made the initial of the heredity, I am responsible before God to use all my power in fighting against that tendency and in doing right even with a nature set to wrong.

Moreover, the teaching of sacred Scripture is that, commencing the race of life handicapped by an inherited evil tendency, if I put forth my powers so as to carry my load and win the race, my virtue will be all the greater and my glory will be magnified. It is a very easy thing for those who have come of a long line of godly ancestors to go on in even ways of innocence and of virtue; but it is a terrible struggle for those who do good constantly against a powerful tendency to evil. The former need only float; they are going down stream; but the latter will often be the strong swimmer in his agony, making his way against a powerful and adverse tendency.

Still further, these facts go to strengthen the belief in what is called a supernatural religion. As the blood of the world was at the coming of Jesus it would have been impossible for the race to purify the strain and so bring itself back to original goodness. It was down too low and laden too heavily to climb back to the original elevation. Help must have come *from without.* If it had not come, so rapid was the deterioration nineteen hundred years ago, that long before this date the last carcasses of the ruined race would have festered in some lonely field. The condition of the world to-day, as examined in front of the laws of heredity and the facts of history, shows that some powerful influence from without must have been planting itself in our humanity.

The Christian thinker has no difficulty with the law of heredity. He believes in God as the Father Almighty, and as the maker of heaven and of earth, which means that he believes that the universal scheme was projected and created and is now sustained by Almighty Love. So, whether he can see it or not, the Christian believes that the outcome of every process, long or short, must be

for the general good. He believes that there can be no better way, for if there had been another way which was better it would have been adopted by the almighty and infinitely good Father. So he says to himself, "Here and there may come passages of difficulty utterly incomprehensible and inscrutable; but the method is true and the final outcome will be good." His faith sustains him amid all the difficulties that occur in practical heredity.

Even an atheist, who is a scientific man, has perceived what is utterly unaccountable on the theory of chance, namely, that every process in nature has a beneficent trend, and so far as can be perceived will have a beneficent outcome. He has seen also that almost every process has its dark side, or its passage of incompleteness, some hitches, so to speak, in the working of the gear of the machinery. He cannot believe that there was any good *intended*, because he does not believe that there was any one to intend anything: but he cannot fail to perceive that there is a development working itself or worked by some impersonal power outside of itself, which has a direction

toward the best final results. He must believe that the same is true in regard to the law of heredity, and believing it so, he brings unintentionally the results of all his scientific researches to buttress the faith of the Christian in the goodness of the Almighty Father.

When a scientific man sees a bad stream of blood running through a family, he naturally sets himself to solve the question of any possible remedy or alleviation. He would go about it as cold-bloodedly as he would about making cross-breeds of horses or other animals. He says to a man whose family have been drunkards through a number of successive generations: "When you marry you must find for a wife a woman who has not this addiction, and who comes from a family in which there has been no person suffering from dipsomania through as many generations as can be known. If you should marry a woman who is also a drunkard you would intensify the trait and increase the probability of its transmission. But if you can find a woman clean of this trait, and have children, there may be some mitigation of the evil, and if your son can find a similar mate, and

this can be carried on through the generations, the trait may be largely, if not entirely, eliminated." This is supposed to be the scientific method, and the only one so far as I know yet proposed on scientific grounds.

The Christian religion presents Jesus of Nazareth as its founder and object of worship. He is set forth as the world's Saviour, and He may be so considered in several ways. He is represented as the Son of the Holy Ghost and a holy Virgin. By supernatural interposition, the factor in the stream of life in which He appeared, so far as the father's side was concerned, was entirely cut off, and the power of the purity of the Holy Ghost of God was put into the nature of this Man. On His mother's side He inherited as pure a human nature as can be conceived. She was an unstained virgin to the core of her soul, but she was a woman, and she came of a line in which, and at some distance from her, there were many very bad men and bad women, as well as many good men and women who had occasionally lapsed into grievous sin. Slight as was the taint in her, nevertheless her blood was human, and even the

child begotten by the Holy Ghost felt in His body now and then evidences of transmitted tendencies that on the testimony of the Holy Ghost Himself, as Christians believe, this Saviour of mankind was "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

Now, this Christian doctrine coincides with the teaching of physical science in going to show that in this present condition of affairs a man may be brought to sinlessness without coming into a state in which he cannot be tempted, and without coming therefore into a state of impeccability. So far forth then as Jesus is our exemplar, He must be the standard toward which every man, loaded with whatever inherited tendency, must put forth every possible effort of his nature to advance—in hope ultimately to attain. If there were no more in the Christian religion than that, the ideal of Jesus, as a stimulus to resistance to evil tendencies, would be invaluable to the world.

But the Christian doctrine seems to set forth something more. An implicit faith and an unfaltering trust in this Holy One, this Jesus, brings an injection of new spiritual blood, so to speak,

into the spiritual nature of man; just as by operations, carried on scientifically, the physical blood of younger people has in modern times been injected into the bodily veins of people who were older. Upon receiving Jesus as their Saviour, the sons of whatever bad men acquire power to become the sons of God. If any one man acquires this power and uses it, thus really becoming a son of God, then there is in some measure a transmission of this blood. Such a man marrying a woman who also by the same process has become a daughter of God, gives to the child born to them both a comparative freedom from the stress and pressure of what was inherited from ancestry previous to the beginning of this new life. If such a process were continued, it is easy to perceive on scientific principles how Jesus of Nazareth, who lived and died a celibate, should have a spreading spiritual posterity which might in process of time largely push out the inherited evil which now curses human nature. Toward that end the frequent and remarkable use of the word "inherit" in the Christian Scriptures seems to point.

Still further, the doctrine of heredity shows all men removed from perfect physical health. There is no one who has not some inherited physical insanity however slight, and perhaps some inherited intellectual insanity however slight. This makes it probable that there is no one who has not some moral or spiritual defect, however near perfection he may seem to be. This illustrates a Christian doctrine sometimes called "total depravity."

That phrase itself is not found in the Scripture, but a certain form of the thought is. The idea of depravity is applied to all individuals of the race collectively, not to any one individual separately. "Total depravity" means that the whole race is depraved; not that every man, or any man, is wholly depraved.

It is plain that if every faculty were so depraved that not a single healthy intellectual or moral function could be discharged, the soul could no more exist than could a human body in which every physical particle was totally depraved. So long as a man is alive and conscious there is something in him not utterly depraved. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

That there is something in each individual not so depraved is assured in the Jewish and Christian Scripture by every command which appeals to the ethical element in man and by every offer made to him of spiritual salvation, by which the Scriptures mean the elimination of the sin-taint, never the man's safety while he has the sin-taint.

This seems to be the relation of the scientific doctrine of heredity to the Christian doctrine of sin and salvation in the sacred Scriptures. A few practical lessons may be of value.

First, there should be an increased study of the responsibility of parentage and an increased insistence thereupon. From the time a child is born his education should be shaped with reference to that. Children should not be allowed to drift. Morbid and irrational modesty upon this subject should be put aside. So soon as it is practicable, children should be made to know what parentage is and the responsibility of it; the father teaching the son and the mother the daughter. The most powerful motive which can be brought to bear upon children, and young men, and young women, resides in the presentation of this scientific doctrine,

connected with the moral teachings of the Bible in regard to human responsibility. There does not seem to be anything which could have such an influence, not only upon young people but upon married people, to induce them to keep themselves pure; pure in every sense of the word, as to their bodies, as to the meats which they eat, as to the beverages which they drink, as to all the habits which have effect upon the physiological condition. From the very beginning children should be started to build themselves up high. Young people under the power of a faith in this combined scientific and Christian teaching, would be careful of their environments and associations. They would go into no promiscuous, unselect companies, like the free balls in our large cities. They would never dance with unknown partners. For they would be taught that contiguity often produces and generally promotes attachments which may lead to marriage, or to such sexual intercourse outside of marriage as produces offspring. Men would not be carried away by the excitement produced by a pretty face or handsome figure; but would select partners for life as men select partners for business, with a great

end in view and the employment of the probable means of success. And women would never marry merely for a home, a settlement or a fortune. There does not appear to be any way of driving these evils from society, without the pressure of the high and moral influence gendered by the combination of scientific and moral reasons.

Secondly, society has always claimed a right to interfere with sins which produce physical depravity. Men cannot be made good by law; but they may be kept from doing evil by restraint. Every bawdy-house, opium-joint and grog-shop in the land is preparing men and women to be bad fathers and mothers. Plainly no man is fit to be a father who deteriorates himself by his lewdness, or intoxicates [that is, poisons] himself by his beverages. All kinds of houses of ill-fame have simply in view the making of money, and therefore do not stop for such a consideration as this. But the State has a right not simply to look at the present condition of its citizenry, but also to consider the future state of the whole commonwealth.

It will thus be seen that the outcome of a thorough reception of the scientific and biblical views

presented above would lead to both moral suasion and legal enactment for the suppression of the evils which come by reason of man's wilfulness under the operation of a law which was originally intended for the transmission of any goodness which might come into the race down through all the generations thereof.

VI.

MR. MARKHAM'S DREAM.

Mr. Markham was a respectable man; he was a good man; he was even a churchman. Mr. Markham was a philanthropist; he had organizing talent and a good deal of perseverance. If sometimes his friends thought him obstinate, that, at least, went to show that he had firmness.

This excellent person saw the evils of intemperance, and threw himself with all his strength on the side of opposing the prevalent vice. He did what he could to break intemperate men from their habits. He enrolled them in a society and conscientiously labored for their good. He also threw his influence with those who opposed the drink traffic. But he had never lived where there was not some form of the saloon; he had not thought it possible to dry up the fountain, so he had spent

his energy in keeping men from drinking of its stream. The drink traffic had always been, and so he felt as if it must always be. To him it had come to be like this extraordinary mixture of gases which we call atmospheric air. That the air could in some measure be purified, if not entirely expurgated of all its evils, he believed. Now, to him the drink traffic was like that. If you were living where the air was bad, the natural thing was to go and live where the air was better; or, if confined to your location, to fetch some germicide, and so partially cleanse the air you were compelled to breathe.

The fallacy of this unconcious reasoning on the part of the excellent Mr. Markham, is apparent to every one who may happen to know that human beings are so constituted that every one of them must have the atmospheric air in order to live, whereas, fortunately, not one of them is so constituted that he must have alcoholic beverages in order to exist. But Mr. Markham did not see that. He had always felt, since his moral sense had been aroused to the horrors of the saloon, that something ought to be done to restrain the evils of that deadly institution. Of course he advocated "license."

When that had been tried for a long time in a moderate way, and was perceived to have no ability to restrain the evil of the traffic, and that great and good man, John B. Finch, mistakenly, as he admitted before he died, proposed high license, very high license, Mr. Markham took up the idea with enthusiasm, and advocated it with the passion of partisanship. The more ardent his partisanship for high license, the more violent became his opposition to prohibition.

Unconsciously to himself he came to believe every statement, whether of proposed argument or alleged fact, made *against* prohibition. Everything in its favor seemed to him insignificant. His dislike to prohibition also rested on his belief that that method of dealing with the drink question was the formidable opponent of his pet "high license" scheme.

That he might contribute his portion of influence to the disparagement of prohibition, he took a journey to the State of Maine. On the spot he investigated that deeply interesting question whether it be possible to get a drink in the land of Neal Dow. He had very little difficulty in ascertaining

that there was such a possibility. Indeed he had a whole array of facts, real facts and no mistake, to show that intoxicating beverages were actually sold and bought and drunk in the State of Maine. He was confirmed in what he supposed to be the truth of his old saying: "Prohibition does not prohibit."

He went back to his own town and gave the whole weight of his influence against prohibition, arranging what things he had seen and heard in such a way as to impress illogical minds with the belief that if, after years of prohibitive legislature, a man could get drunk in Maine, therefore all strength expended in that mode of remedy was wasted. He dampened the zeal and enfeebled the energy of many a temperance man. He did not intend to deceive his fellows or to befool himself, but he forgot to tell his audience that in the whole State of Maine there did not exist, there had not for years existed, a single distillery nor a single brewery, and that not a drop of spirits drunk in Maine had been produced in Maine; but the text, the introduction, the body, the peroration of his talks were always found to be the same thing—"Prohibition does not prohibit."

He travelled, he labored, he talked, he wrote, and every movement of this excellent man only strengthened the power of the saloon and weakened the efforts of men who were striving to break away from the evil habit. It was melancholy to see so good a man so thoroughly deluded.

But the delusion broke. It was not dispelled by fact or argument. It found its dissolution in a dream.

One night Mr. Markham went home from one of his so-called temperance meetings, complacent with himself, for he had told for the hundredth time how he found that liquor was sold in Maine, the State in which there had been a prohibitory law for years, and he retired to his virtuous couch to fall into the slumber of the just. In his sleep he dreamed, and this was his dream:

He was dead. He faced his Judge, and his Judge catechised him as to his behavior in this lower world. He had been baptised and confirmed, and had avoided bad habits. He had stood in good repute among his fellow-men, and had had a conscience which allowed him to accumulate flesh, and he had been a philanthropist, and he had

worked in the temperance cause. That was the "brief" of his justification which he handed in, alluding to his temperance work with rising inflection of voice, with brightening eye, and with evident elation of spirit.

The Judge looked at him searchingly. He asked why he opposed prohibition.

He answered: "Because it does not prohibit."

When called for his proof, there happened to be near him a pale-faced woman, who said to the Judge: "It is true what this gentleman says. I lived in Maine under the law, and my poor boy did get drunk, and now lies in a drunkard's grave in the cemetery at Portland."

"Yes, it is true," added a lawyer, who stood up and said: "I had a brilliant future with a lovely wife and three dear boys. I was supposed to be at least an ingenious lawyer, and I set myself to defeat the Maine law, and so I contrived ways of buying spirits even in Maine, and I did not perceive how the habit was forming on me until it had indurated so that I found myself choking to death as in a plaster cast."

Just then a man fresh from the earth came up to

give his account, and the Judge seemed to suspend Mr. Markham's case to hear the newcomer.

"And where are *you* from?"

"Portland, Maine."

"Your business?"

"Well, it had no name where I lived. It was not a legal business, but, to tell the truth, anywhere else I would have been supposed to keep a saloon. As it was, I was clandestinely engaged in the drink traffic. I cannot say otherwise, for Mr. Brown, who was one of our best known lawyers, is standing here and knows that he was one of my customers."

"Where did you get the liquor you sold?" asked the Judge.

"Oh, I was lawful enough on that side. I bought it of a man outside of our State, a man who was licensed to sell it."

Whereupon the Judge turned upon Mr. Markham, "*You*, then, are the guilty party. *You* did all you could to make it possible for liquor to be sold in Maine. *You* did all that in you lay to make it possible to sell the destructive beverage in all the States adjoining Maine. *You* threw the whole weight of your character and influence and

ability to prevent other States from being like Maine without a distillery and without a brewery, and *you* gloried in the bad facts which you had collected, and *you*, and men like you, all the more influential for having the reputation of being good, maintained such a condition of affairs as that, while prohibition really did prohibit in Maine, it could not entirely suppress the drink traffic in Maine. *You*, and men of your class, who labored for 'High License,' not only perpetuated the drink traffic in the States in which a majority of the people were still willing to have it, but you spent your time and strength outside of the State of Maine, in paralyzing the power of the law which would have swept the last vestige of intemperance from the State of Maine. *You* co-operated with this saloon-keeper fresh from Maine, and you dared to claim to be a foe to intemperance; and you——"

The look and tones of the Judge were such that Mr. Markham never heard the close of the sentence, but awoke in a cold sweat, and for many a day he pondered the question how that fearful sentence was going to be finished.

VII.

THE ASCENDED CHRIST

[An Ascension Day Sermon, delivered May 7th, 1891, in the Church of the Strangers, before Columbia, Palestine, Manhattan, Ivanhoe, Constantine and York Commanderies of Knights-Templar].

When He ascended up on high He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men.—Eph. iv.: 8.

Into the history of our race came the history of the career of Jesus. That changed all the relations of humanity to the universe and to itself. That furnished a reason for the existence of humanity. That now furnishes a reason for the continuance of humanity. That predicts the future of humanity.

The life of Jesus is the foundation of the Christian religion. Now, in regard to that religion it is well to remind ourselves that it is not merely a

philosophy or a science, but the inspiration of a new spiritual life. We must not forget that to live the life of a Christian does not demand any particular culture, or mere intellectual assent to any propositions, or the belief in any series of doctrines. It does not depend on a philosophy or a theology, but it does hang on a man's belief in a fact. One single historical fact, thoroughly believed and lived upon, followed out to all its logical consequences in practical living, will make any man a Christian.

The history of eighteen centuries shows this. Men have held to manifold forms of philosophy, and believed and taught many and diverse theories of theology, and have lived and worked under all kinds of ecclesiasticism, and yet have manifestly been Christians; but no man has failed to believe in the fact of the Ascension of the Risen Body of Jesus and been a Chrisian, no matter what else he believed. He could not be. The denial of the Resurrection of Jesus is as distinct and complete an abandonment of the Christian religion as the denial of the existence of the Jehovah of Sinai would be of the Jewish religion, or a denial of the

existence of God would be of all religion. The resurrection and the ascension of Jesus make a hinge, the resurrection part of which takes hold upon earth, and the ascension part on heaven.

It is indispensable to believe that Jesus the Christ rose from the dead. No matter what we think of Him, no matter which other part of His history we accept or reject, no matter what opinion we have of His form and character, if he did not rise from the dead, if the Galilean Prophet's dust is still reposing in some unknown Syrian grave, His claims are all worthless; He is not the highest spiritual authority in the universe, as He claimed; He is not the Creator of the world, as He claimed; He cannot be the Saviour of the world, as He claimed. If he did not rise from the dead, all He said and all He did can be treated by mankind as the words and deeds of one who must have been either a fool or a knave. All Christianity goes down with the denial of the resurrection of Jesus.

This was perceived and announced in the very first years of Christianity by its teachers, and especially by its very greatest thinker, the Apostle Paul, who asserted that if Christ had not risen

from the dead all the preaching of Christian teachers and all the belief of Christian disciples were in vain. That point is settled. To believe that Christ did not rise from the dead as thoroughly abrogates Christianity as to believe that there is no God.

Now this is a very interesting feature in the case, that our religion rests not on a theory, but on a fact. A theory may or may not be a mistake, but a fact is always susceptible of proof. And it is very important to remember that nothing which ever occured in the history of the world has any more evidence to support it than the fact that Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified and who was buried, rose from the dead. Nothing alleged to have occurred in the days of William the Conquerer, nothing in the wars of Frederick the Great, can bring to the thinking man of the eighteenth century more evidence than the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. That is the Easter Day part of the hinge.

To-day we have assembled to consider the other, the Ascension Day portion of the divine fact on which swings our redemption. To get the full

force of it we must remember something of the forty days preceding this crowning event of our Lord's earthly history. I call your attention briefly to the facts that He was seen first by one woman, then by several women, and then by one disciple, and then by two, and then by ten of the disciples, and then by the whole eleven, and then by five hundred of the disciples at once. He also appeared to James, His younger brother. At these appearances our Lord ate and drank, and showed His hands and His feet. It is to be remembered that these were acts repeated through nearly six weeks, in which His apostles were being taught more deeply as to His natural human existence and as to the divine side of His nature. It is important to recall the fact that, having appeared in the body which He brought out of the tomb, He always came into their midst without announcement, and always departed without adieu.

That resurrection and those appearances were absolutely essential to the consummation of their faith. If He had not risen all their hopes would have failed, and their three years of remarkable relations with Jesus would have been to them

sometimes as an enigma, but generally as the remembrances of a dream. It could have been of no spiritual benefit to them, and they could never use it for the spiritual benefit of others.

It is also to be remembered that our faith in the fact of the resurrection of Jesus does not depend wholly upon the testimony of the immediate eye-witnesses, but that there are thousands of historical facts, the existence of which in our present knowledge of the laws of human thinking cannot be accounted for without the assumption of another fact—namely, the resurrection of Jesus. They are such as these: The head of a body of religionists, in whom they believed as having power to resist all force, is murdered on a certain Friday, say in A.D. 30. That Friday night there was not a single one of them who believed he would ever see Him again. There was neither plan nor purpose for the future, and there was no purpose because there was no object. On the following Sunday evening they were reassembled, their hopes were rekindled, they were again a body with a head, they asserted the resurrection of their leader, they asserted it to his murderers, who had still posses-

sion of his body, which, if they had not lost they could have produced. The production of that body was absolutely essential to the maintenance of their own ground and to the destruction of the new religion; but they failed to produce that body. The disciples had seen it. It was dead or it was alive. If dead it was no more to them out of the grave than in the grave. But alive it supplied them with every intellectual consideration and furnished them with every spiritual stimulus to carry this Gospel to the ends of the earth. In half a century it had overrun the Roman Empire; it was in the remote provinces, it was in Italy, it was in distant and humble hamlets, it was in the city of Rome. Far to the front there was the resurrection. "Jesus and the resurrection;" this was the theme of the teaching of the apostles; this was the inspiration of their eloquence; this was the captivating power of their zeal. To account for the history of eighteen centuries since A.D. 31 is absolutely impossible without the assumption of a fact, the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Look at an existing fact here before our eyes, the presence of this great body of Knights-

Templar in this church, part of a great institution this moment in the United States of America, a land far off and unknown when the Christ was crucified; but in which every day two or more temples are erected to His worship. I look down upon this body of uniformed and armed men, the Knights-Templar of the city of New York, and I ask any thinker to account for the phenomenon on the assumption that the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is a myth and not a fact.

We have come together to celebrate the ascension of Jesus, the other part of what I have ventured to call the great hinge on which Christianity swings. The sacred Scriptures of the New Testament give the following account of that last appearance of Jesus to mortal eyes. St. Mark tells us that after the Lord had spoken unto His disciples, "He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." St. Luke tells us, in his Gospel, that after Jesus had given the promises to His apostles that they should be endued with power from on high, He led them out to Bethany, on the Mount of Olives; that He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and that

while blessing them He was parted from them and was carried up to heaven. This same writer, who seems to have been the only educated man in the company, in writing the Acts of the Apostles enlarged the account, telling us that after Jesus had promised His apostles that they should receive power from on high after the Holy Ghost had come upon them, and that they should become His witnesses to the utmost parts of the earth, He was taken up from the circle of men among whom He stood, and a cloud received Him out of their sight; and that while they stood gazing into heaven two men stood by them in white apparel, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken from you shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." There are two other facts mentioned in this account: one is that Jesus received divine worship from his disciples before the two men spoke to them, and that immediately afterward they returned to Jerusalem and began to organize for Christian work.

The importance of the record in regard to the Ascension can scarcely be overrated, and yet

Christendom has seemed to contend itself with observance of the Resurrection. But reflect a moment upon what would be the state of the case if the departure of Jesus had not taken place just as recorded in the Gospel. The Lord either might have made His farewells to the apostles and left them, going away naturally as he had been accustomed to do *before* His death, or He might have made a valedictory and have disappeared as He had been accustomed to do during the forty days immediately *after* the Resurrection. In either case there would have been an incompleteness in His career, and, however majestic and beautiful the outlines of His life, it would always appear to succeeding generations something like a pyramid whose apex was lost in a mist.

No; the earthly career of our Lord was open, rounded and complete. The extremes of human society saw Him as a human babe, over whose public stable-cradle Jewish peasants and Oriental sages bent. Out in the open air, on mountain or by sea-tide, or in public synagogue or crowded temple, He taught through all His ministry, doing nothing in secret, keeping no esoteric doctrine for

cultivated Nicodemuses while teaching something else to the fishermen of Galilee and the common dwellers of the Jordan. He died in the sight of people from every part of the earth, on a hill, in full view of Jerusalem when it was crowded with visitors assembled to a solemn feast. After His Resurrection He had appeared to apostles and disciples, men and women, in several places, for the space of about six weeks.

What now was to be done with that body? Should it evanesce? What, then, was to become of that religion which is to surpass all the religions of the world in spiritual power, because it does not consist in theological doctrines, however true, or ethical precepts, however sound, or in ritualistic ceremonials, however æsthetic or imposing, but in personal devotion to a Person who is divinely human and humanly divine? Would not it also have evanished from among men?

No! No! The grand personality of Jesus grew grander and more personal to the end. On the slope of the Mount of Olives, surrounded by a number of persons who should afterward be able always to correct and confirm each other's

recollections, He talked with His apostles, told them that some special baptism of the Holy Ghost was about to come upon them, that when it came they should receive spiritual "power" and should then become witnesses to Him unto the utmost parts of the earth. His glowing description of their coming career of power and glory fixed every eye on Him. Each saw Him and all saw Him. While they were gazing He began to rise. The circle widened with a sense of awe. No man knew what was to be next; the Master seemed to grow taller and more majestic, fuller of a divine beauty than had ever shone on mortal face before. And he no longer touched the ground, but rose, rose slowly, shooting into the eye of each disciple in turn a look of love and confidence, a look brighter than the sun and wider than the sky, a look that oversplendored each man's intellect and made each man's heart swell like an ocean-tide. "He went up," up, up, through that clear Syrian air under that pure Syrian sky, "while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as He went up."

As the ages have passed the more the Scripture have been studied, more and more Christians have

come to find the power and comfort which reside in the fact of the Lord's Ascension. It illuminates all the previous life of the Christ. It shows how His birth was an incarnation, and that He must have had a pre-existence in a divine glory in which He was so much at home when His earthly career closed. To Nathanael, one of His earliest disciples and the most guileless, He said, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man" (John i. 51); and to the cultivated Nicodemus He had said, "No man hath ascended up to heaven but the Son of Man, who hath descended from heaven" (John iii. 13). When one of His most profound discourses had set His disciples to doubting He said to them, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" (John vi. 62). In view of His approaching death He said to His circle of chosen apostles, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father" (John xvi. 28).

The effect of the Ascension upon the first apostles was instantaneous, powerful and transforming.

Naturally, while this stupendous event was taking place they would be in an absorbing rapture, but such states of exaltation are neither wholesome nor helpful. The men in white had put to them the question why they stood there gazing up to heaven. The gaze was natural, but not normal. Men must not let any visions of heaven turn them from any duties of earth. Whatever revelation God makes to the spirit is plainly to give the spirit strength to do its earthly work.

So the disciples returned unto Jerusalem, banded together, with themselves united godly women, and so stood ready for the next marching orders. When those orders came they found that the Lord was working with them and as they travelled to the ends of the earth, their ascended Lord, now sitting at the right hand of God, which to them must have meant the possession of omnipotence, wrought with them. If He had still been upon earth, to whatever majestic heights He may have risen, He could not have been so stimulating to their faith as when sitting at "the right hand of God." A star in the heavens may be equally near to two persons on the planet, although they be in antipo-

des, while it would be impossible to erect in Jerusalem, or in Rome, or in Paris, or in New York, or in San Francisco, a tower so lofty as to be simultaneously beheld by the people in all these cities. So Jesus never seemed nearer to His apostles than He did when He returned to the Father and took His seat at the right hand of God. It is the crowning fact in His career.

The Apostle Paul groups in culminating order the three facts which, based upon the incarnation, are the foundation of the hope of our redemption—Christ's death, Christ's resurrection, Christ's ascension. "Who is he that condemneth?" the apostle asked; and his answer is, "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. viii. 34). He might have died, and yet the work of our salvation be left incomplete. He might have risen, and yet the work of our salvation be left incomplete. The completing fact is that He is ever at the right hand of God. On the cross His sufferings made a powerful plea for our sins. His emergence from the tomb made a powerful plea for our immortality. But both

would have failed but for His ascension, in which He took a glorified human body up through the ranks of cherubim and seraphim, of angels and archangels, who parted to let Him pass in superb majesty up to the throne to eternity, where He placed His glorified human body at the right hand of God, to be forever in the sight of God the Father and in the sight of all the principalities of all the worlds; where He ever liveth, making intercession for us, which intercession would be powerless without that presence.

It is never to be forgotten that those two men in white, perhaps angels from the upper glory, who turned the apostles away from gazing into the trackless ether through which their Lord had ascended to the gates of glory, turned them away to the hard work and rugged hardships attendant upon carrying the Gospel to the nations, gave them for comfort the wonderful promise, "This same Jesus, which is taken from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

First notice the preservation of the identity of Jesus, Mary's Babe, the Boy of Nazareth, the

Master of the Apostles, the crucified, buried, risen, ascended Jesus is "this same Jesus." No change, no transfiguration breaks in upon the identity of our Lord. When Stephen, soon after the Ascension, was gazing into the heavens, and saw Jesus at the right hand of God, he beheld the very same person who broke the bread and delivered the wine at the Last Supper, the same person who had expired on the cross, had risen from the grave, and had been seen by the apostles ascending into heaven. Let us never lose sight of that wonderful fact.

Another great truth is, He is to come again upon earth, "this very same Jesus." We must remind ourselves that in the Old Testament Scripture which they held in their hands, the Jews, at the time of the birth of our Lord, had just as clear a promise of the First Advent as we have now of the second, and yet they had conned those Scriptures and repeated them, losing sight of their grand meaning, so that He came and went, and many of them saw Him many and many a time and never knew Him. Now He is to come again. It is an utter waste of time for any man to strive to determine *when* that shall be, but there is nothing in the future more

certain than that He will come, and that He will come out of the heavens; that as His body was not dissipated into the ether, but carried in perfect organism, glorified, into the heavens, so "in like manner," in that glorified organism, the Son of God shall come down among men again.

My brethren, *He may be coming now.* When He first appeared incarnate among men, the birth of the Bethlehem Babe was as noiseless as this morning's dawn. But sectarian Jerusalem, so very near His cradle, was so absorbed in theological disputes and civil insubordination, and imperial Rome was in such a turmoil of politics and corruption, that neither of these centres of civilization knew when He arrived. Centuries had elapsed since the promise had been made of the coming Seed of David, the Messiah, the Deliverer, the Person who should unite in himself the offices of prophet, priest and king. Great national and political changes had occurred; the heroic Maccabean period had passed, the Roman Conquest had been completed, and still the Deliverer had not come.

My brethren, let us be on our guard! He may choose an Ascension Day on which to revisit the

earth. While we worship here He may be already arriving, or it may be next Sunday; but soon or late, He will come. Let us be found ready. Let no sword be laid away. Let no vigilance be relaxed. Let every man of us every day be prepared to salute the coming Captain of our salvation when He shall enter our asylum or our home or our city. How should men live who, on such a day as this, come uniformed and armed into a venerable edifice erected for His worship? O knights! should any of us allow these lives, which have taken the solemn vows of the Red Cross, to be polluted with words of falsehood or of filth? Oh! knights, should any of us whose vows do bind us to deliver the oppressed, be found as oppressors when the Lord shall come again? Shall any of us, in the campaign against infidelity and vice, be found wavering in our loyalty, or sunk in sensual wassail, when our majestic Lord shall turn His holy eyes upon us?

Shall our feet, which are drilled to keep step to the march of the Christ's legions, ever walk into a saloon, the headquarters of the devil, our Captain's chief foe, or cross the threshold of the house of her whose "feet go down to death, and whose steps take

hold on hell"? When your steps are directed to your place of business, or to your home, or to your church, or to your asylum, oh! my brethren, go expecting the Son of God, expecting to find the Commander-in-Chief at every turn, in all your walks of life expect to confront "this same Jesus" come back to earth once more.

And so, brethren, let us, His followers, His sworn followers, Knights of the Cross, of the Red Cross, let us never forget the vows we have made to follow Him as our Divine Leader. Whither did He go when He walked as the Son of Man among the children of man? He went down to the sorrowful and to the sinful. So to the sorrowful and the sinful let us go like the Captain of our salvation, carrying helpfulness in our hands and love in our hearts. What was the battle our Captain fought? It was a battle for the weak against the strong, and for the right against the wrong. He never antagonized a human hope or a human heart. He smote evil, only evil, and stood for the right, only for the right. Now, my fraters, dear brothers, Sir Knights, let our swords be like His sword, "bathed in heaven." In our homes, in our

business, in politics, in science, in our social life, in every way, let our sword be the sword of the spirit, never drawn without cause, never wielded without right, never sheathed without honor.

It may be a long and weary battle, but we shall be brought off more than conquerors, and over every pilgrimage and path, and upon every battle-field let us remember that when He ascended upon high "He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men," and that He will give us the gifts of faith, of hope, and of charity; that He will minister unto us the grace of wisdom, of courage, of strength, and of fortitude, and while we are living and when we are dying, may we ever utter thus our prayer to the Father, "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that as we believe thine only begotten Son to have ascended into the heavens, so we may also in heart and mind continually ascend, and with Him continually dwell."

VIII.

THE LIGHT IS AT THE END.

Air: "*Scatter Seeds of Kindness.*"

By the order of the Master
  Time began its course in night;
'Twas the evening and the morning,
  First the darkness, then the light:
Let us not grow weary watching
  In the shadows God may send;
Darkness cannot last forever,
  And the light is at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
  For the light is at the end.

On the paths we now are marching
  Our great Master's feet have trod;
And each weary, faltering footstep
  Brings us nearer to our God.
Then in passing through the valley,
  When the shadows o'er us bend,
Let us keep our courage steady,
  For the light is at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
  For the light is at the end.

We shall soon be called to travel
  Through the vale of death's dark shade;
But we know Who will be with us,
  And we shall not be afraid.
We shall cheer the way with music,
  Walking with our Master-Friend,
Leaning on His staff and gazing
  At the light that's at the end.
Go bravely through the darkness,
  For the light is at the end.

IX.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A FAR day may it be before any American who wields a pen shall find heart in him to decline an invitation to write about George Washington.

There was a time when that name was known and honored by only a few thousand people, all of whom were American colonists. That number grew with the years until it came to be millions. The area of Washington's fame spread until now it fills the world. In 1889 the whole country celebrated the centennial of his inauguration as the First President of the United States. There was a naval, military and civic celebration in the city of New York, in which, on the second day, the march of eleven miles of soldiery, including the President of the United States, and the Governors of many of the States, was witnessed by over a million of

people from every State in the Union, and probably from every country on the planet. As a pageant it was splendid; probably it was unequalled by anything ever seen anywhere, at any time, in any land.

In the intervening century George Washington's fame had ceased to be the exclusive property of America, and had become the cherished possession of mankind. On the occasion of the Centennial celebration a great number of his countrymen felt that he stood out, not only as the leading American, but as the leading man of the race. Outside of America more people now living know his name, than they do that of any other man who ever drew a sword or discharged an official function, and count him above every other soldier and ruler. Israelites and Mahommedans rank him second of men, the former putting Moses at the head of the list, and the latter their own prophet, while probably Christians would make the order—Jesus, Moses and Washington. Of men not named in Sacred Scriptures, more human beings this day know and honor the name of George Washington than that of any other of the sons of men.

It is very natural to ask the question, "What

has made this growth of reverence and love for George Washington?" It was not his name. That was almost unknown before his day, and in itself is exceedingly ugly. We can hardly appreciate that fact. He has made it so illustrious, it so lifts our minds to lofty levels of thought since he has worn it, that we can hardly bring ourselves back to the perception of the fact that, *in itself*, it merely suggests a place where soiled linen is laundried, and so is inferior to those other immortal names, Shakespeare and Milton (Mill-town), each of which presents a picturesque thought, and Bonaparte, which is pleasant to ear and mind; and is not to be compared to that most magnificent of human names, Napoleon, which can never be heard or seen without suggesting thoughts of grandeur, apart from the glory added to it by its first wearer.

Washington had no family glory, accumulated through centuries, to aid him in his career. The most trustworthy investigation into his ancestry shows simply plain, good honest English folks. His immediate ancestors had settled in Virginia. They were well-to-do people, owning much land,

which at that time was not very valuable, and they owned some servants. They were of high character, as thousands of others have been, whose names are not in history. George Washington had little education, the best of which he had obtained by his own efforts. It is known that one of his first occupations was that of surveying land.

Moreover, it was not any one thing he has said, or written, or done, which gives him such surpassing fame. He never said so wise and great a thing that it has not been surpassed in its wit and wisdom by some other speaker. He never wrote what will probably be remembered when the writings of all other men of his generation have been forgotten. He did no wonderfulest thing; he gained no wonderfulest battle. He was not half as "smart" as Aaron Burr, nor had he half the genius of Alexander Hamilton, nor was he a hundredth part so great a politician as Thomas Jefferson or John Adams, who, when he saw an early portrait of Washington, exclaimed, "And that dunderhead has become President of the United States!"

And, yet, far above all these he towers. They are where they were about a hundred years ago,

and he is ten times loftier and more massive in the sight of men than he was the day he was inaugurated the first President of the United States. Of no merely human being, one hundred years after an event in his history, have there ever been as many portraits made as were produced of George Washington in the hundredth year after he was inaugurated President of the United States. Of no other mere man have so many noble, admiring, inspiring things been said and written as were written and spoken of George Washington in the month of April, 1889. There is probably no language in which his praise is not uttered.

The question recurs: "What has made this growth of reverence and love for George Washington?" The simple answer is—*his character, formed on the type and preserved by the principles and practices of the Christian religion.*

It is not to be forgotten that his was an age of infidelity. The leading infidel nation upon earth was the brightest, and had such influence that its tongue was the language of courts and polite society, and that nation was the best friend of America. Voltaire had been dead only ten years, and Diderot,

in France, was declaring that belief in a God was proof of intellectual imbecility. It was at such a time, and when distinguished Frenchmen were with his army, that at the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown, General Washington's orders concluded with these words: "Divine service shall be performed to-morrow in the different brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief recommends that all the troops that are not upon duty do assist at it with a serious deportment and that sensibility of heart which the recollection of *the surprising and particular interposition of Providence in our favor claims.*"

If it be said that this was on a special historic occasion, and at what was the hour of his greatest success, it may be well to trace his military career to see how far it was consistent with this public act of religious acknowledgement.

Twenty-eight years before the Yorktown surrender (1753) George Washington was in a military position. This was twenty-three years before the Declaration of Independence. England and her American Colonies had begun to have trouble with the French and the Indians. Washington's

first public duty was as an envoy, with rank of Major, to the French commandant on the Ohio, the French having built a line of forts from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi River. He was so faithful and successful that on his return to Virginia, in 1754, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel of a regiment raised by Virginia and on the death of the Colonel he succeeded to the command. The troops had been brought through the wilderness. Washington's first battle was with the French and Indians on May 28th, 1754. In July of that year he made camp at Great Meadows, near Pittsburgh, which the French had fortified. Here, in his first command, having just attained manhood, it was his "custom" to have prayers in his camp, for which he is commended by Mr. Fairfax, father-in-law of George's brother Lawrence. Mr. Fairfax wrote to him, "I will not doubt your having public prayers in the camp, especially when the Indians are your guests, that they, seeing your plain manner of worship, may have their curiosity excited to be informed why we do not use the ceremonies of the French, which being well explained to their understanding,

will more and more dispose them to receive our baptism and unite in strict bonds of cordial friendship."

For some years after this he was engaged in the French and Indian wars. One of his aids, Col. B. Temple, testifies "that frequently on the Sabbath he has known Col. Washington to perform divine service with his regiment, reading the Scriptures and praying with them when no chaplain could be had." After that he wrote as follows to the President of the Council: "The last Assembly, in their Supply Bill, provided for a chaplain to our regiment. On this subject I had often, without any success, applied to Governor Dinwiddie. I now flatter myself that your Honor will be pleased to appoint a sober, serious man for this duty. Common decency, sir, in a camp, calls for the services of a divine which ought not to be dispensed with, although the world should be so uncharitable as to think us void of religion and incapable of good instructions."

When the Declaration of Independence was made and resistance to Great Britain was determined upon George Washington did not hesitate to take the

most conspicuous part in the conflict as a confessed "rebel." He saw that loyalty to the divine government must sometimes make rebellion to human governments and that rebellion against God is the only rebellion that should be reprehensible among men. By the second Congress he was chosen as Commander-in-chief of the American army.

The day after he took command of the army an order was issued in which we find the following injunction: "The General requires and expects of all officers and soldiers, not engaged on actual duty, a punctual attendance on divine service, to implore blessings of heaven upon the means used for our safety and defence."

The Declaration of Independence was made on Thursday, 4th of July, 1776. Two days after the President of the Continental Congress forwarded it to General Washington with a letter requesting that it be read at the head of the army. It reached Washington at his head-quarters in New York on the 9th, and he immediately issued orders that the several brigades be drawn up that evening on their respective brigade-grounds at six

o'clock that they might hear the important document. The following is part of the concluding sentence as transcribed from Washington's orderly-book: "The General hopes that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend *under God* solely on the success of our army."

That is part of Washington's army record. At the end of the wars he accompanied his resignation of his command of the armies of the United States by an address, in which he says: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping."

On the 30th of April, 1789, General Washington became President Washington. In his inaugural address he said: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this, my first official act, my fervent supplication to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils

of the nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves. . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have been advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. . . . These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence." Then at the close of the ceremony President Washington and both houses of Congress proceeded to St. Paul's chapel, corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, where prayers were read by the Chaplain of the Senate, suited to the great occasion.

In his subsequent address to the Governors of the different States, he made eight distinct references to a superintending Providence. These are

the last words of that address: "It remains then, to be my final and only request, that your Excellency will communicate these sentiments to your Legislature at their next meeting, and that they may be regarded as the legacy of one who has ardently wished, on all occasions, to be useful to his country, and who, even in the shade of retirement, will not fail to implore the Divine benediction upon it. I now make it my earnest prayer that God would have you and the state over which you preside in His holy protection, that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination; . . . . and finally that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our Blessed Religion, without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation."

Now, all that is given above is part of his *public* life. But it was the same in a long and consistent course of behavior; so long and so consistent that it would be very difficult to conceive

how any man of any ability could maintain it if he had not a private character of deep and unaffected piety. There cannot be as much evidence to this point as to his invariable saying "grace" at the table, constant attendance at church and most devout behavior there, and the holding of prayer in camp; and yet, we have what seems quite conclusive.

His aid, Col. Temple, who has been quoted above, has often been heard to say, " that on sudden and unexpected visits into his (Washington's) marque, he has more than once found him on his knees at his devotions."

The following is an extract from a letter of a Baptist minister to *The Boston Christian Watchman*, dated Baltimore, January 13, 1832: "The meeting-house (which is built of stone) belonging to the church just alluded to, is in sight of the spot on which the American army, under the command of General Washington, was encamped during a most severe winter. This, you know, was then called 'Valley Forge.' It is affecting to hear the old people narrate the sufferings of the army, when the soldiers were frequently tracked by the blood from

their sore and bare feet, lacerated by the rough and frozen roads over which they were obliged to pass. You will recollect that a most interesting incident, in relation to the life of the Great American Commander-in-chief, has been related as follows: That while stationed here with the army, he was frequently observed to visit a secluded grove. This excited the curiosity of a Mr. Potts, of the denomination of '*Friends*,' who watched his movements at one of these seasons of retirement, till he perceived that he was on his knees and engaged in prayer. Mr. Potts then returned and said to his family, '*Our cause is lost*' (he was with the Tories), assigning his reason for this opinion. There is a man by the name of Devault Beaver, now living on this spot (and is eighty years of age), who says he has had this statement from Mr. Potts and his family. I had before heard this interesting anecdote in the life of our venerated Washington, but had some misgivings about it, all of which are now most fully removed."

Gen. Knox, who was specially devoted to the person of Washington as his Commander, and had special knowledge of his habits, because he always

had free access to him, was also a witness to his frequent visits to the grove at Valley Forge, and knew that they were for the purpose of uninterrupted prayer.

A relative of the General is reported, in "Religious Opinions and Character of Washington," as giving the following narrative: "While encamped in New Jersey a soldier arrived one morning, about daybreak, with dispatches for the Commander-in-chief, from a distant division of the army. As soon as his business was known he was directed to me as captain of the body-guard, to whom he came forthwith, and giving me his papers, I repaired at once to the General's quarters. On my way to his room after reaching the house, I had to go along a narrow passage of some length. As I approached his door, it being yet nearly dark, I was arrested by the sound of a voice. I paused and listened for a moment, when I distinguished it as the General's voice, and in another moment found that he was engaged in audible prayer. As in his earnestness he had not heard my footsteps, or if he heard me did not choose to be interrupted, I retired to the front of the dwelling, till such time as I supposed

him unengaged; when returning, and no longer hearing his voice, I knocked at the door, which being promptly opened, I delivered the dispatches, received an answer, and dismissed the soldier."

Washington often travelled alone reconnoitering. One day in June, 1779, when he had his headquarters on the Hudson, he was taking one of those rides, and being compelled to make a detour, he was caught by the night and alone. He was obliged to dismount and pick his way. Finding a house he applied for shelter, which was granted. The farmer was struck with the noble appearance of both man and horse, and took good care of them both. At the close of the supper the farmer informed his unknown visitor that the hour had come at which he was accustomed to have family prayer, and invited him to be present. To this he readily assented, and was then shown to his bed. The countryman's wife had mistrusted the visitor, her fears being aroused by a late robbery in the neighborhood, but his behavior at family prayer had completely disarmed her. While she and her husband were talking about the stranger they heard a voice from the direction of his chamber, and listen-

ing heard the words in which, in his private devotions, he was thanking God for his many mercies, invoking blessings on the family whose guest he was, and making earnest supplications for the country, and the success of the war for liberty. It would seem to be a habit of Washington to to make audible prayer in his private devotions, a habit much to be commended, as helping to fix the attention of the suppliant upon his own petitions.

While President of the United States in Philadelphia, Washington was accustomed to retire to his room at 9 o'clock. A young member of the household, whose chamber was just across the passage from the study, once indulged his juvenile curiosity by looking into the room sometime after the President had retired, and saw him kneeling at a small table on which was the open Bible.

But the most unique and interesting proof of the interest which Washington took in his private devotions has recently been brought to our attention. In April, 1891, there was a final sale of the relics of Gen. Washington. These had been the property of Messrs. Lawrence Washington, Bushrod C. Washington, Thomas B. Washington and J. R. C.

Lewis. They were bequeathed by the President to Judge Bushrod Washington, from whom they were inherited by John Augustine Washington, from whom they passed by inheritance to his wife, Mrs. Jane C. Washington, and from her by inheritance to her son, Col. John Augustine Washington, from whom they were inherited by Lawrence Washington, who swore to these facts on the 14th day of March, 1891, so that there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of any of the articles.

By far the most precious, the most valuable, the most sought, of all these relics was a little book of 24 pages, about the size of an ordinary memorandum book, all written by George Washington with his usual neatness and plainness of chirography. It shows signs of much but careful use. It is entitled "Daily Sacrifice." It contains prayers for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings, and for Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. If the book originally contained prayers for all the mornings and evenings of the week, the rest are wanting.

I have given some examination to this cherished and most interesting little volume, which is now the

property of Mr. William Evarts Benjamin, of New York City. It is manifestly in the handwriting of George Washington. Compared with another MS., a paper containing the plot and measurements of a certain piece of waste land surveyed for Major Lawrence Washington, and which was made and signed by "G. Washington," and by him dated August 23, 1750, I am inclined to believe that the prayers were written in Washington's early life, probably about the time he started on the military expedition to Western Virginia in 1754.

On the first reading it occurred to me that they were compilations from prayers written by others, but I have not been able to find those prayers elsewhere, and there are internal marks which seem to point to the probability that they were original productions. Whether that be so or not, they are such prayers as could be composed only by a person familiar with the Book of Common Prayer, much usage of which imparts a certain tone and turn of expression not in prayers made without the book. It would seem that Washington had prepared these prayers for private use, but had so written them that if read in the family or in camp they might be

adopted by the other worshippers and so be made social prayers.

But even if copied, the fact of their existence in the chirography of Washington shows his value of private devotion, the care with which he prepared for it, the regularity with which he observed it, and the profound Christian convictions by which he was sustained in the discharge of that duty. For after all, it is the closet-religion which is the test and measure of a man's personal piety.

It is proper to seize every occasion to refresh the memory of the nation in regard to that faith which was the cement of the great parts of Washington's character, holding them together in a massive structure. It is impossible to conceive that George Washington could have been as great a man as he was, and be wielding such influence as he still does, if he had not been a Christian. Let our young men ponder what he would have been if his character had been formed on the doctrines of materialism, or of positivism, or of so-called humanitarianism. He would now be absolutely unfelt among the moral forces of the race. If he had accepted the teachings prevalent in his day and still offered our young

men by the rejecters of Christianity, he might have been a Robespierre; but what moral influence does Robespierre exert this day, in which George Washington is holding the attention and improving the character not only of men but of nations? No; if George Washington be worth anything the rejecters of Christianity are of no value to society. If Christianity be baseless, then a miserable error has in it power to make a man of no shining qualities the most influential and honored of his generation. If Christianity be false then George Washington's lofty life of truth proves truth worthless, which is an absurdity. If, for instance, Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll be true, then George Washington is a sham and a lie. Who will dare to assert that?

It is proper, also, to keep before the minds of the American people the fact that the character of George Washington stands guardian over the interests of his country. No President can bravely do what he believes to be right without being sustained and comforted by feeling that he has the lofty companionship and the sublime approval of George Washington. No high official can yield himself to the dictation of cliques, "shysters,"

"boodlers," "repeaters," and all the hungry horde of men to whom politics is a business, without feeling that all the parade and pride of the Centennial Celebration of 1889, all its multitudes and thunders, all the constant increase in the power of George Washington's character are folding down upon his conscience the form of the one man whose disapproval, next to that of God, men felt to be in his day, and still feel to be, the deepest damnation that mortals can endure this side the awards of eternity.

Let these things be remembered and repeated and taught everywhere, and the nation shall grow in everything desirable in nationality, and the public and private prayers of George Washington, the father of this country, shall be abundantly answered.

X.

HOWARD CROSBY.

It is not true, dear friend, it is not true
What the great English senator hath said,
"The age of chivalry is past." For you
Have shown the saying false.

Who calls thee dead?
"Dead?" As a knight is, when he doth but lay
Aside his armor with the battle won;
Dead as a knight is, who has gone away,
In better mail, beneath another sun,
To urge far fiercer battles in the fray
'Twixt Right and Wrong, where thou canst clearly see
The lines which often in thy mortal day
Were hidden in smoke of struggle. We
Think only of thy palpitating soul
That longed to strike the tyrant down and see
The weak uplifted and the sick made whole.

The King hath touched thy shoulder with his sword
  Again, Sir Knight, and bidden thee once more rise.
And thou hast hearkened to thy great War-Lord.

Go up, go up unto thy well-won skies,
  While we stay here and think and talk of thee,
Until we too shall have our summons hence,
  So by thy name make men love chivalry
And dare do right without mean thought of consequence.

1891.

XI.

GIVING THANKS.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." That is: Speak well of Jehovah. O my soul; speak well of His holy name.

Does not this imply that my soul has to be called upon to speak well of God? Does not that show that the tendency of my nature is to forget benefits and to be unthankful? It is not very complimentary to "my soul" that every now and then I have to make this loud call that it should perform a service that ought to be so natural, and that always is so profitable.

That something has been overlooked seems to be very clear from the name that we attach to this service—namely, "thanks*giving*." This seems to imply that when I express thanks for favors I am

really *giving* something, that when I speak well of one who deserves eulogy I am *giving* something. Now, in point of fact, that is true; but there is something else that I overlook—namely, the impossibility of speaking well of any being in the universe without making myself better. Reflex action is forgotten—and I almost fear making a contribution to my own selfishness and to the selfishness of others by calling attention to this fact—but, planting this danger-signal on that side, I wish to emphasize the fact that the thanksgiver is always the party most benefited in any act of thanksgiving.

I begin at the bottom of my relationships with mankind. I am passing along a crowded portion of our city; I drop an empty envelope. A dirty little chap picks it up, and, supposing it may be of some value, runs and hands it to me. This little incident is as near to nothing as I can well imagine. There are two courses for me to pursue. Perceiving that it is nothing except an empty envelope that I had thrown away, I may drop the worthless piece of paper and walk on without the slightest notice of the little fellow who brought it, or I

may turn and thank him politely as I would the mayor of the city if he should do such a thing for me, and may put the envelope in my pocket and not destroy it until out of sight of my little would-be benefactor. He might be perfectly callous and not care which of these two courses I pursued; but how about myself if I had allowed the child to go without a word or even a glance of thankfulness?

So, through all our human relationships, it is a positive means of grace, it is most effectually improving, to notice, to dwell upon, and to be thankful for every act of every human being that is helpful to me, whether intended to be so or not. Where there is evident intention to be kind to me it is ingratitude not to return it with thanks, and there is actually nothing that so effectually and so rapidly degrades a human character as ingratitude—no, not even intemperance and licentiousness.

Now the question occurs, Am I sufficiently thankful to my fellow-men? If I sit down in my drawing-room or in my study and look around, I shall not be many minutes in discovering that there

must be now living hundreds—yes, thousands—of my fellow-beings—mechanics, manufacturers, artists, merchants and sailors, to whom I am indebted for the things about me that minister to my bodily comfort, to my intellectual growth, and to my spiritual improvement. It occurs to me that I might be a better man if I took my pad and began with the articles nearest to me—the Turkish rug under my feet, and the easy chair in which I am sitting, one sent me from Asia, and one given me in New York—and then made an inventory not only of the things that are presents, but of those things for which I have paid money, but which no money could have procured if my fellow-men had not wrought to produce them. I ought to be profoundly thankful that I live as a member of our great thinking, working, pushing humanity. I ought to be thankful that I did not live in any preceding century, but that I live now, when any man can do more for himself and his fellow-man in any one week than he could have accomplished in any month eighty years ago. Plainly, then, I ought to be thankful to my fellow-men who lived in the preceding centuries, and who

so wrought as to make it possible for my generation to do more for society in the last fifty years than others had been able to do in any five preceding centuries.

I have had some terrible battles to fight and some bitter cups to drink, but I ought this day be thankful that I was ever born, even when I regard only the past. When I think how that past has put me on the road toward the future in which there may be thousands of blessed hours in this world, and in which I know there is a place being prepared for me, as I pass out of this mansion in the Father's house, I ought to be profoundly thankful. Dear reader, may you have the same sentiment.

I stood before a great crowd lately, and rendered my devout and earnest thanksgiving to Almighty God that He had spared my life to be present at the tenth annual Christian Endeavor Convention in Minneapolis, last July. From my boyhood up to that day I always had a secret wish that I might have been present at Pentecost; but since that Convention the wish has entirely disappeared, for at that Convention I beheld a sight

surpassing anything that had been vouchsafed to any of the apostles of our Lord in the flesh.

So, far beyond the limits allowed me, I might spread this article over the fields of my blessing, but I wish with still greater emphasis to recur to the improving power of a cultivated habit of speaking well of God. It is very easy to fall into the habit of finding fault with God and with our fellow-men. Whoevever has tried both knows that every time he has spoken bad things of his neighbor or has complained of his God, he has become smaller and harder and worse, and, also that every time he has indulged in the feeling and speech of thankfulness toward God or man he has become a better man. So, O my soul, I call upon thee to speak well of Jehovah, not because He needs it, but because, O my soul, thou needest it.

Let me make a recommendation to my fellow-Christians. On Thanksgiving Day take a pad and write in one column what you think you ought to be thankful for to your fellow-men, and in another column what you ought to be thankful for to our Heavenly Father. Do not stop to make this list in any connected or logical order; dash

down the first thing that occurs to you, then the next and then the next. Then once a week, until the following Thanksgiving Day, look over the list and amend it. Let me advise that you begin with a pad and not a sheet, or with a book and not a page. Give God room.

XII.

THE YEARS.

The years that come to us are dumb,
  Their footsteps, rhythmic, low,
We hear not as they swiftly come
  And yet more swiftly go.

Each brings us something we must keep,
  And each doth something take;
Thus we are changing while we sleep,
  And changing while we wake.

XIII.

ASSUMPTIONS.

AROUND the definite boundaries of the scientific territory there lie many things which, to superficial observers, seem to be part of that territory. There are many assumptions found almost constantly in our literature which have not the slightest scientific foundation. There are things assumed to be facts which never have had any existence except in the brains of those who have evolved them for the purpose of sustaining some hypothesis. It is characteristic of our age to rest as much upon these dreams as upon those things which have stood the test of scientific examination for several centuries.

Let us look at some of these assumptions.

We find our first illustration in an article by Grant Allen, in the "Fortnightly Review." He calls it "Practical Religion"—but by practical re-

ligion he means worship, the temple, the altar, the sacrifice, as distinguished entirely from anything and everything within the man, such as faith and hope and charity. In order to establish his position he collects his facts from the book "Africana," written by the Rev. Duff MacDonald, a Presbyterian missionary in Central Africa. Mr. MacDonald is certainly good authority for the facts. Mr. Grant Allen holds that they show that all religious nations agree in the "primitive" respect and reverence for the worship of ancestors. It is not now undertaken to examine his argument, but it is indispensable to that argument to *assume* that the original condition of man was just the condition of the savages whom Mr. MacDonald found at the Blantyre Mission in Africa. It is *assumed* that men began at the bottom, as in this remark: "I have quoted at such length from this recent and extremely able work because I want to bring within strong relief the *fact* that we have here going on under our very eyes, from day to day, *de novo* the entire genesis of new gods and goddesses." It is plain that we have no such thing.

We object to this groundless and persistent as-

sumption that at one period of the history of the race, mankind existed without any idea of the supernatural whatever, and that the theistic idea is one that was gradually evolved. Now, this is a pure assumption, without the slightest foundation in fact. There has never been brought forward anything whatever to prove it; but everything that has come within the knowledge of scientific and philosophical men points to the probability of the exact opposite. The Africans in the Blantyre Mission are not a people who have come up from something lower, and are using a position which they have gained as steps to some higher platform; on the contrary, these people are most probably descended from those who had the supremest belief in the existence of a God, and a much clearer idea of his nature than that of any existing savages.

This baseless, dreamy assumption was made because it is necessary to a certain special form of the evolution hypothesis. That accounts for *its* "genesis." There does not seem to have been discovered a single fact in the history of mankind to justify any man in using the phrase "genesis of the theistic idea." That idea in man is not the product of a

"genesis". It is probably the result of a revelation. We have nothing on which to rest the probability that the human mind would ever have reached the idea of God if God himself had not made it known.

It really becomes tiresome to have these assumptions taken as if they were fixed facts. If we know anything of the past at all, we know that the first peoples upon the face of the earth had clear conceptions of God, and they themselves declare, and have transmitted to us through tradition, the fact that they did not reach the idea of God by any logical process or intellectual evolution, but that they received it from God himself. The cool manner in which such writers as Mr. Grant Allen set aside known facts and well-established history, when they stand in their way, will make these gentlemen objects of amusement to the enlightened generations which are to succeed us, provoking as they are to those of us who are compelled to be their contemporaries.

We have another assumption which is expressed to us in the phrase "Prehistoric Man." We hear very much of it, but we can find nothing of him whatever except here and there a shred or two of

the stuff of which dreams are made, on which shred or two somebody has written the initials "P. M." Now, either there was or there was not such a personage. If there was such a personage then he ceases to be prehistoric, for we can know nothing of him if we cannot have at least this little bit of history that he once was. To be actually prehistoric would keep the man so entirely out of our view that he never would be thought of. We might just as well talk about systems in space that never were in the range of human vision and have long ago disappeared from the universe. What would be thought of an astronomer who should be perpetually assuming that there were created worlds before any act of creation? Does not that whole body of evidence of the existence of men, of whom we had no account until we came upon some relics, show rather that there may have been races existing in what are historic times for us, but on which *they* made no trace? That is conceivable. Has anything more been proved? But if evidences shall be found anywhere of the existence of such men, very plainly the true phrase would be "non-historic" or "ex-historic," certainly not *pre*-historic. The whole

of any race of generated beings must have come from an original pair. Now, we have very much of the history of the first pair of human beings who existed. There cannot be anything of a series before the beginning of that series. The phrase prehistoric man, therefore, embeds a fallacy in its very formation.

These two are probably the most frequent assumptions without any foundations now current in our literature. But we fear that there is a growing disposition in their direction. For instance: Here is an article on the "Origin of Death" in the "Eclectic Magazine," February, 1890, in which it is held that in any form of complexity of structure the first departure from simplicity the seeds of death were sown. In the argument it is stated that there are living things innumerable which have escaped and will continue to escape the common lot of death; that these beings are untroubled by an anxious search after the *elixir vitæ*, and for them has been solved the riddle of the painful earth; and that the only drawback to their immortal life is that they do not know that it is theirs. It is held that these immortal creatures are one-celled animals of whom

the amœba is taken as the type. This little immortal is described as a minute, jelly-like, irregular-shaped particle of protoplasm; as if any one *knows* that there is any protoplasm; in the sense in which it was used before its more recent technical employment in anatomy to designate that something, like the watery part of the blood, which fills elementary cells. It lives in the water, and is always changing its shape. It takes in and ejects food at every point of its body, every part doing everything. It does not generate. When it has reached a certain size it divides equally, so that there are two of it, or them, whichever may be scientifically grammatical. And this goes on *ad infinitum*, each half "being a separate individual exactly like its fellow, and passing through the same stages of growth and fission."

But the main point is left out of the article. Is it assumed that all that have ever been portions are to be taken collectively as one immortal? That would be to make a divided individual. Or is it assumed that the first amœba, the little bit of original jelly-drop, is still alive, having first become two, then four, then eight, then sixteen? What space of time does it take to fetch on a fission in

any one of these particles. If any one will take his slate and multiply one by two, and go on doubling, he will soon come to find immense numbers. What is to hinder the original amœba from being in existence when all the waters of the world shall have been crowded with these living things, as the amœba is not amphibious? What is to become of things when every particle of water is crowded with a population that has no room? The author guards against that by saying that it is not mere death, that molecular death which is the condition of life everywhere, but only that since the beginning of the life of the amœba on this planet that life has known no death by senile decay or by definite arrest. Will anyone tell us how that could be scientifically discovered? We have heard of a very old lady who heard that the crow would live a hundred years, and bought a young one to see if that were true. But who can or could know this to be a fact? If it be a fact, that original created solitary amœba is still in existence amongst its countless parts, unless itself has been destroyed by some extraneous agency. Does it wear a tag?

Is all this stuff science? That is to say, is it the

result of properly observed and accurately recorded observations of phenomena which present themselves to one of the five senses, together with such inductions as may be made therefrom by a carefully conducted process of legitimate reasoning? Whatever does not fulfill these conditions is not science. It may employ some of the technicalities of science. It may put on the air of science, but when a really scientific man comes to listen to it, it sounds like a "lingo." Let us have done with such things. The rougish little grandson of a great philosopher does not become a philosopher by putting on his grandpa's gown and spectacles.

XIV.

MRS. HAY AND MRS. JONES.

Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Jones were two excellent Christian women, near neighbors, living in the same town. They were communicants in the same church, and greatly respected by their rector. If they had not had peculiarities, they would never have been noticed. One of the peculiarities of Mrs. Hay was that she took special interest in all sick people; one of the peculiarities of Mrs. Jones was that she had reached the time of life which seemed to justify her friends in speaking of her as "old Mrs. Jones," which fact made her sensitive as to her age. Into any conversation if there came any indication that it was nearing the station of "age," she changed the switch and started the train on to another track.

Mrs. Hay had no inordinate curiosity, and she

had great respect for the sensibilities of other people. So these two good neighbors got on in a very lovely manner with each other until a very unfortunate mistake intervened.

It came to pass that Mrs. Jones fell sick, and was sick quite a while. It is needless to state that Mrs. Hay visited her every day, as a rule. One day some domestic detention kept Mrs. Hay at home until it was late in the morning. She was anxious to hear from her neighbor, but perceived that she could not visit her until the afternoon. So she called John, a stupid boy in her employ, and said—these are the precise words: "John, go over and inquire how old Mrs. Jones is."

Now John had not the slightest idea of the value of the collocation of words; so, when he reached the house and met the servant girl at the door, and said: "Priscilla, Mrs. Hay sent me over to ask you how old is Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, John," said Priscilla. "I would not dare for my life ask Mrs. Jones such a question as that."

But there was a strain of fun in Priscilla's Quaker blood, and so she added, in a quiet,

friendly tone: "But she's lying in the back room, and thee may ask her thyself, if thee wish."

In John walked. Mrs. Jones was convalescent: but this was one of her nervous days. John planted himself on his sturdy legs in front of Mrs. Jones, who didn't like the interruption and who saluted him with a short "Well, John?"

"Mrs. Jones," shouted the quite honest but very stupid boy, "Mrs. Hay sent me over to ask how old you are."

Allow for a sensitive woman who is sick. She was too nervous to remember all Mrs. Hay's kind considerateness during the years of their long acquaintance, and she did not think for the moment of the well-known stupidity of John. She merely caught fire from the spark dropped on the powder place of her character, and exclaimed: "Tell Mrs. Hay that it is none of her business."

This was said in a tone which hastened the departure of even the slow and stupid John.

"Well, John, what did Mrs. Jones say?" asked Mrs. Hay.

"She said it was none of your business: and she was mad."

Mrs. Hay was too pre-occupied to reflect that this message from Mrs. Jones must be the result of some misunderstanding. In another frame of mind she would have recollected John's stupidity. Now she felt only the sting of such a message from a woman whose susceptibilities she had always respected and whose sickness she had amiably attempted to alleviate. To be told by that neighbor that it was none of her business what the condition of her health was seemed intolerable. It implied that her message of kindness had been taken as a question of impertinence. She almost fell ill herself.

Several weeks passed over the heads of these two very good and very unhappy women. Mrs. Hay did not visit Mrs. Jones, although she could not help missing the former friendly intercourse. Mrs. Jones was glad that Mrs. Hay did not call, although she felt a secret desire that things were as they had been. The circle of church ladies noticed the coolness between "old Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Hay when they met and regretted it but did not mention it, and considerately abstained from making inquiry as to the cause.

Gaps in social life, as elsewhere, are apt to widen with time. It was not otherwise in this case. No one seemed to know how to mend the breach. The rector was at his wit's end, having waited and watched for months hoping that something would appear to indicate the cause of separation which was apparently without a quarrel, and so to suggest some method of healing the breach. But it was all in vain. Each of the two good ladies stood on her dignity and secretly suffered from a longing for the old-time relations to which neither allowed herself to allude.

One Sunday, on his regular visitation, the Bishop preached. He knew these two ladies, but had heard nothing of the alienation. His sermon was on the duty of forgiveness. Among other things he said that sometimes there were separations between chief friends where there was nothing to be forgiven, only something to be explained; that in very many cases where Christians had parted the consciences of both reproached them as being unforgiving when, in point of fact, that was not really true of either of them; that in such a case the one who felt most injured should seek the

other and before either offering or asking forgiveness, or requiring or offering apologies, should prayerfully seek an explanation in which, most probably, it would appear that there was simply some past misunderstanding which would vanish at one kind word spoken by either of the parties.

The Bishop was not given to ornamenting his brief and pungent sermons with anecdotes. On this occasion, however, he told of two gentlemen who were communicants in the same church, of which one of them was senior warden. They had stood apart for some time, one having heard that the other had criticised him unkindly. It was a sore in the church. At last one went to the other, and said: "See here. We used to be good friends; we are not now. I'm afraid it's my fault; and as I am the older man, I concluded to come over and confess my fault. But let us pray together that I may discharge this duty to you in the right spirit, and not blunder into making bad worse." There was no resisting that appeal. So down they knelt; the elder prayed, and then the younger. And as they prayed, the nearer each drew to their Father the nearer he drew to his brother, until their hands

clasped at the feet of Jesus, and when they arose, with tear-wet faces, each declared that he had nothing to forgive or even to explain. From that time forth they were a combination which made itself felt as a spiritual power in the church.

Whatever was the effect of the sermon on the congregation generally, two good women went home greatly stirred by it. After dinner Mrs. Hay sat down to think it all over. She began to reflect that perhaps she had nothing to forgive, and that if she could have the courage to go to Mrs. Jones, it might all be explained. But how could she? Had not Mrs. Jones fairly shut the door in her face? But could not some way be discovered to secure the explanation without a surrender of her dignity? She began to pray that it might be so.

In the meantime Mrs. Jones was doing her thinking. Going back to the beginning she examined Mrs. Hay's message. *Was* it a crime to want to know any one's age? Mrs. Hay was a good woman, and had always been a wise friend. Might she not desire that information for something that involved the good of Mrs. Jones, and not for the mere indulgence of a vulgar curiosity? How could

she ascertain that? She fell to praying. The result was that she sent Priscilla over to present her "compliments" to Mrs. Hay—she had always sent her "love" before the estrangement—and to ask Mrs. Hay to do her the favor to come over to her house, or, if it should be more agreeable, Mrs. Jones would call on Mrs. Hay.

The drilled Priscilla had a more cordial welcome from Mrs. Hay than she ever received before, and she delivered her message in the very words and, as far as practicable, in the very tones of Mrs. Jones. What a relief it was to Mrs. Hay!

"Yes, Priscilla, tell Mrs. Jones I'll come in a very few minutes. And see here, Priscilla, did you hear what message John delivered to Mrs. Jones the last time he was at your house?"

"John told me that thee had sent over to inquire how old was Mrs. Jones; but I did not hear what he said to Mrs. Jones; but she told me that she thought hard that thee should be inquiring her age through a boy like John."

The whole thing flashed on Mrs. Hay. She caught up her bonnet and shawl, swept past the astonished Priscilla, and rushing into Mrs. Jones's

presence fell on her neck and sobbing, cried out with an affectionately reproachful tone, "You dear old friend, how could you think I could do so mean a thing as to send you so impudent a message by a boy who might have circulated your reply through the whole neighborhood? But I can see how you would feel as you did. It was cruel of me to be careless in my message; and I do not blame you at all for the way you've treated me. It served me right. But oh! I have missed you so much! You are so good! I am so thankful that you have forgiven me. Kiss me!"

"Oh, I'm the one to be forgiven, Mrs. Hay. You did nothing but send a kind inquiry in regard to my health. It was cruel in me to misread such a message from such a woman as you are, you dear, good, thoughtful friend!" And Mrs. Jones held Mrs. Hay to her heart most warmly. Their little hysterics soon expended themselves but it took them an hour to conjugate their lives, that is, to talk over all that they had "been and done and suffered" during the separation.

That afternoon they went together to the Dorcas Society, arm in arm, to the great delight of the

Sisters. It was a glowing, joyous meeting. All were glad, but none alluded to the breach or the healing in the presence of the two ladies concerned. But the town was soon acquainted with the good news, and a new life seemed to come into parish work.

Do you know why I tell this story to you?

XV.

WHENCE.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.

I.

Whence came the soft and milky corn
  The lowland vales enriching?
Whence hawthorn blossoms that adorn
  Our country lanes bewitching?
Whence came the clouds that hang aloft
  O'er earth their fine pavilions?
The herds on meadows and in croft,
  That feed earth's hungry millions?

II.

Whence came the flowers that fill the air
  With fragrance born of beauty?
And whence came all things pure and fair,
  Which win men unto duty?
Whence came the rays so swift and bright,
  On sea and land so glorious?
And that unseen imperial might,
  Which makes man's will victorious?

III.

Whence came the father-heart in man?
  The mother-heart in woman?
The love throughout the mystic plain,
  Which makes God's children human?
These came not blindly into birth,
  All blessed things are given;
And all delights receive their worth
  From that sweet touch of heaven.

XVI.

CRYSTALS AND HERETICS.

Doctrine, as taught in Holy Scripture, comes, in a state of solution, into the minds of men. When from that solution the doctrine crystallizes, in one class of minds the crystals will form themselves on a certain given axis and at certain given angles. In other minds they will form on another axis at other angles. The substance is the same; the crystals are different. Among Christians, all those in whose minds the solution has crystallized in the same way will form themselves into one church or denomination, and those in whom it crystallizes differently will form themselves into another. In nature we find that all the forms of known crystals mathematically belong to six systems of denominations, and we shall probably find that Christian thought crystallizes in the same number of systems. Now, as it would be manifestly un-

scientific to say that an orthorhombic crystal is no crystal because it is not monoclinic, so it would be unscientific to declare that any one system of theology is not Christian because its angles and cleavage are not the same as those of another statement of theology.

About heretics. A most high-minded and conscientious man might enter the ministry of a certain Christian denomination because he believes that Christian doctrine has crystallized in his mind as it has in the minds of a majority of that denomination. But a crystal may be dissolved and reformed, and similar processes probably will be going on in the mind of any thinking man. If it be discovered that this new information of thought diverges from the original there may be something for the conscientious clergyman to do, and there may be something for his church or denomination to perform. In his case, manifestly, he is morally bound to avoid all concealment of the change from the moment that he becomes conscious that a real, and not a suspected, change *has* taken place. If upon such examination he becomes convinced that it has taken place and that the change is so thorough that

it cannot rightly hold by its former name, then he is bound, as a gentleman, to announce in a Christian way the change that has taken place, and frankly withdraw from his denomination and put himself into the denomination that fits his new crystallization of thought. And everyone ought to respect him for pursuing this course of conduct.

If, for instance, a monoclinic crystal should turn to solution and reform as a triclinic, it ought not to desire any longer to be counted monoclinic, but be willing to take the new name which scientifically belongs to it. And no one should be offended. The whole thing is a question of intellectual determination and scientific classification. In crystallization there has been discovered the property of the same solution presenting two forms wholly independent. This is called dimorphism. An instance of this is seen in carbonate of lime, which usually crystallizes in the rhombohedron form, but sometimes in prisms, which are trimetric. In the one it is called calcite, in the other it is called aragonite, two "denominations," you see. The former occurs under a lower and the other under a higher temperature. So in a man of less

heart, less warmth of temperament, less lovingness, the crystallized theology has one form, while in a man of higher spiritual temperature it takes another form, but *in both cases it is the same solution* which has crystallized.

What must the church do in this case? Without passion it must simply take up the question, "Does this man belong to us?" If not, and he does not withdraw, then he must be removed from the shelf in the cabinet to which he does not belong. There should be no more passion about this than a scientific man would have who had arranged his crystals in six different cabinets, and finding an isometric crystal had somehow got into the tetragonal cabinet, removes it to its own place. But just as certain as scientific confusion would come where this were not done, so theological confusion will come when a man remains, or is allowed to remain, in a denomination to which he does not belong.

The cry of "heresy hunting," which sometimes is raised by newspapers, that live on sensation, is absurd. You cannot hunt a heretic in this country and in this day when the highest developments of Christian thought and spiritual experience can be

found among Roman Catholics and Protestants, among Unitarians, Presbyterians, Universalists, Methodists, Independents and every other denomination. The papers generally side with the man who is assumed to be in divergence. Let us be charitable, and suppose that our journalists are animated by the chivalric feeling of standing up for what seems to be the smaller, if not the feebler, party. But clergymen make a great mistake when they parade their divergence and defiantly challenge the denominations to which they have belonged, and are still supposed to belong, and thus purchase a little cheap, short-lived notoriety.

On the other hand, when a man inside a church propounds and publishes what seems to be something contradictory to the standards it behooves his denomination very patiently, very charitably, very devoutly, to examine the case. On examination one of two things may be discovered. The man's divergence from the standard of his church may not seem so great as it appeared at first, or may not be vital, or it may be discovered that he was right and the standards were wrong. It will not do to assume that the standards are infallible and

fixed. A man of the nineteenth century, having the age and ability of Augustine, ought to know more of the meaning of the Scripture than the great Saint did when he wrote "The City of God," for the nineteenth century man has the advantage of having much longer spiritual experience of the church, as well as all the scholarship accumulated through the intervening centuries, to assist him in the study of what he believes to be God's word.

Theology is always as much a progressive science as geology. If one thousand of the wisest, purest, most intellectual, most healthy scholars in Christendom were to formulate a creed out of the New Testament Scriptures, as they are known to-day, that theologic statement could not remain the same to the date of A.D. 2891. The power, the thought, the study of a thousand years would throw it into new forms of expression, while the substance would remain the same.

Let individual clergymen, and the church, and the press remember these things, and we shall have less eccentricity in the pulpit, less unseemly heat in ecclesiastical councils, and less nonsense in the press about religious and churchly matters.

XVII.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF RELIGION.

Misconceptions as to the office of religion are revealed by unstudied expressions in man's conversation about spiritual things.

Last night a gifted and zealous Christian man was talking with his friend, who is a very worldly man, on the necessity of being a Christian, when he was met with the question, "Colonel, do you think that a man cannot get to heaven without being baptized?" Of course my intelligent friend was greatly aroused by such an absurd question, which had no revelancy to the conversation.

When this was reported to me I recalled the fact of the frequency with which this and similar impertinent questions had been propounded to me in the course of my long pastorate, and how they have revealed the spiritual misapprehensions of

thousands of people who attend church services with more or less regularity. It is not at all important to inquire into what is or what is not necessary for "getting to heaven." The desire to "get to heaven" may be a very low thing. The "getting to heaven" is not at all the aim which any high-minded man should make for himself. If they be not subjective in the individual heaven and hell are mere circumstances. Christ did not come into this world to keep people out of hell, or to get people into heaven, because there is something better than heaven and there is something worse than hell, "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The worst disaster which can befall any man is to have his manhood perish. The highest attainment possible for any man is to have eternal life. The loftiest aim a man can set for himself is to be made "*meet* to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." If he be that, he can coolly walk through all the hot wards of any Dantean hell. If he be not that, all the rivers of life, all the gardens of paradise, all the

thrones and splendors of heaven, can make no happiness for him, because he will be a damned spirit anywhere.

If men would but set that Scriptural ideal before their eyes and let it hold their hearts, and lift their lives, such questions as the one proposed to my friend would never be asked. Men would not inquire whether it be necessary to belong to this church or to that, or to any church, to be conducted into ecclesiastical fellowships by this ceremonial or by that; but everything would be valued in proportion to its power to make man fit for the loftiest association of eternity. It is better to be a kingly peasant than an enthroned fool or a sceptred scoundrel. The secular rule is that "circumstances alter cases." The spiritual rule, that "cases alter circumstances," when by "cases" we understand *characters*. The whole preaching of Christ bore on character. *What* he is, not *where* he is, is the most important question that can be asked in regard to any man.

XVIII.

CHRISTMAS AND CIVILIZATION.

So far as we have any historic information upon the subject, and any present phenomena to guide us, we may conclude that in a savage state men naturally live apart. It would seem that whatever brings men together civilizes, and whatever civilizes brings men together. In savage life every man expects every other man to do him all the evil he can. "The farther apart the better," is the motto of uncivilized life. It is not important to inquire whether the contiguity produced the civilization: it is enough for us to know that the two things always go together. Without frequent intercourse and co-operation there can be no progress among men. If each man does for himself only what he himself can do, his achievement must be small, and

still smaller the heritage the man will leave to his own offspring.

Civilization means personal and general culture, the refinement which eliminates all traces of savagery, the achievement which comes by the arts of peace rather than the conquest which is the fruit of war. It is produced by what each one can give to every one. It is retarded by every attempt to use force over the will of another, by every act of personal violence. All wars between nations measure the distance of the individual and of the nationality from perfect civilization. If mankind ever reach that condition, there will be no gun shot on the face of the earth and not a military title worn among men. One will then travel everywhere and stop anywhere and be as perfectly safe in one place as in another, without lock or bolt or deadly weapon. As a man loses fear of his fellow-man the two come nearer. As two men near each other each must mitigate his savagery and expect the other to do the same. The very word "civilization" points to men living together in cities. A communion implies an interchange of gifts. Whatever promotes this nearness, this kindness, this co-operation, advances civil-

ization. Whoever makes one man think better of all men, or all men think better of any man, in that proportion promotes civilization.

The observance of Christmas plainly does this. Christmas keeps alive the memory of the birthday of a man who has been dead eighteen centuries. The fact of any such observance among men is itself worth noting. Why should any portion of the human race remind itself that on a certain day a certain man was born? Why should it take pains to perpetuate the observance of that particular day? Does not each individual engaged in such a celebration wish to give himself the gratification of remembering that that man had been his benefactor, and to assist every other person who was benefited by that man's life to keep in remembrance the good he had received by marking the day when the great benefactor had been born? A birthday which was the beginning of a life spent in service to any community, appeals to the communal sense of justice to keep it alive in the memory of men.

The reflex action of such observance must be improving to the character of him who marks it. The extent and sincerity and enthusiasm of the cel-

ebration of any man's birthday marks the greatness and the goodness of the man and the people's estimate of the benefit of his career.

Civilization finds its possibility in the fundamental and universal law that nothing exists for itself, but each thing exists for something else, if not for everything else. If a number of men were living on an island in grossest savagery, each such man would do nothing for the benefit of another if he could possibly avoid it. The first gleam of civilization would come to that man who by any accident found himself the benefactor of any other man, and found pleasure therein. This would be increased if the man benefited should feel the slightest sensation of gratitude, and if, also, the least impulse came of that pleasurable sensation to repeat the beneficence to another. It might begin even further back than that—namely, in a voluntary abstentation on the part of any one man from doing injury to another. As these men grew to be less and less afraid to live nearer and nearer to one another there would come to them such a sense of the advantage of this new state of things that they would more and more desire to improve it. Thus society would

come about, and as society sent its blessing on the individual in return for his contribution to its progress, there would be the beginning of an ideal civilization.

Far as we are from the reality, have we not completed this ideal? If so, how does it stand in the minds of those who are most nearly civilized to-day? In other words, what do our hearts hope and our minds prophesy as to the condition of men, women and children, when all humanity shall be perfectly civilized? Is it not something like this:

First, whatever be the state of society it will probably be no more like that which is in America and England to-day than like that which was in Palestine in the days of Jesus. The environment of the perfectly civilized man will be totally different from that of the great Prophet of the New Testament. So, in much of His external life, will the life of the perfectly civilized man be different from the life of Jesus. But the ideal of men of all races and of all religions in all past ages and in the present, so far as we can learn from their literatures, is that the perfectly civilized man will be a man hav-

ing the spirit and obeying the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. He is the only man shown us in all literature who was perfectly civilized—who was, as one of the old English dramatists called Him, "the first true gentleman that ever lived." The observance of Christmas has increasingly directed the minds of men, of women and of children, to that one consummate flower of manhood.

In the next place, in a perfectly civilized community the ideal mother will be as pure in her motherhood as she ever was in her virginity. Motherhood will be something far above the mere bringing of offspring into the world. Motherhood will be neither sought nor shunned, but every mother will receive her child as if let down from heaven into her arms. Each woman's body will be reverenced as that temple of God's Holy Spirit from which the little Messiahs of God do come. Our observance of Christmas repeats the picture of such womanhood to the eyes of millions of people of all ages and conditions so as to give an impulse to our whole humanity toward the goal of perfect civilization.

In the next place, ideal civilization has intense

and reverent regard for childhood. The birth of each babe will be an event of profoundest interest to heaven and earth. Wherever the child is born all the race of man on earth, shepherds and wise men, neighboring peasants and foreign kings, will somehow be connected with the event. And the birth of each unsought and unshunned child will draw the attention of the spiritual world to itself. The creation of no conceivable sun or planet could be so important and so interesting to God and man, to heaven and earth, as the birth of any human baby in an age and in a land of the perfectly civilized.

Now, between this ideal and any low condition in which men have ever been known, the whole length of possible progress lies.

Nothing now known among men contributes so much to the possibility of the realization of these ideals as the observance of Christmas. Whatever mistakes, superstitions, and vulgarities creep into this observance, it still points to the ultimate human goal of humanity. It still increases the aspiration of humanity, and it can point to the progress of the civilization which in eighteen centuries has been

produced by the personality, the thought, and the work of that Jesus Christ whose birth it commemorates, to all that measures the difference between that first Christmas and the Christmas of 1891, as indicative of its own measureless value.

XIX.

DISCOURSING ON THE HUMANITIES.

"Did you have a good time at your luncheon party?" I asked of Mrs. Judge S——, yesterday.

"Oh yes," said she, "we had a pretty good time."

"What did you talk about?" said I.

"Oh," said she, "nothing much; just chatter and clatter, and talk about little feminine things."

"And you call that nothing, do you?" said I.

Then, after this brief conversation, I meditated on that "nothing." I have frequently had ladies describe their interviews to me as mere nugatory talks, trifles, worthless gabble, and all that kind of thing. Perhaps they are mistaken in this. Perhaps they erect a standard, or suppose that we men erect a standard, quite different from that which is true and real.

Let us look at the case. Ten ladies come to-

gether into some arranged meeting for simple social intercourse. They do not discuss any philosophical, scientific, political, ecclesiastical, or theological question. Not one of those themes is mentioned amongst them. But there are a thousand questions in an hour asked and answered in regard to mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, uncles and aunts, cousins, children, husbands and wives, and household matters, no one of which is of the slightest interest to Congress or to any convention or caucus known in any department of church or state operations. They seem to be little questions about little things, and no one of the answers could in any manner, so far as is visible, disturb the public security or administer to the advancement of society. And do all those little questions amount to nothing? The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the bishop of the diocese, even I, might not be interested in the rheumatism of any grandmother, or the croup of any child, or the settling of the question of the summer residence of any member of that club, and yet the result of the whole meeting may be in a very high degree beneficial to society. Each woman has increased her interest in eight or nine

other families by learning little items of their condition and movements. She has done good by arousing the interest of nine others in her own condition and movements. There are myriads of small things in the social sphere no one of which will ever be treated in an essay, or be alluded to in a sermon, or even get into a newspaper paragraph, just as there are myriads of vegetable particles in every forest which never get into the botanical treatises, but which help nurture the beautiful trees the painters depict, and the statelier trees the ship-builders covet.

Do not let us despise any beneficences, however small. Do not let us consider small talk as no talk. Let us discriminate even in gossip. All gossip is not bad; it is only that gossip which is acrid, malevolent and injurious that is hurtful. Perhaps that high preacher or lofty essayist who speaks flippantly and with contempt of women's gabble may not be able in any one sermon or one article to do as much good as a dozen dear women have done who have met for an hour or two and said no hateful thing of any human being, but made tender inquiries of little Johnnie's frost-bitten heel, and a

pimple on little Elsie's shoulder, and the misfortune of a nurse having to be taken away from the family just when baby needed her, and the rheumatism in her neighbor's husband's shoulder.

Now, as I thought upon these things, I said,

"Mrs. S——, never say that you have been talking of little nothings; but when you are asked what was the subject of conversation at the party of women which you attended the previous day, say in reply, 'My dear sir, we were discoursing on the humanities.'"

Mrs. S—— clapped her hands. "That is the very phrase; I never thought of it. I will always use it hereafter, and every time I come home, and the judge asks me what we were talking about, I will reply, 'My dear sir, we were discoursing on the humanities.'"

XX.

"DECENT."

THE word "decent" and its opposite, "indecent," have a classical signification. Each is somewhat different, it would seem, from the modern colloquial use of these words. A few days since I met a friend, a distinguished man, with whom I am upon some terms of familiarity, and when I saluted him with "you look indecently well for a man doing so much work," he gave me a quick little glance, which caused me to add: "I used the word *indecently* in its classic sense."

The word "decently" occurs but once in the Holy Scripture (1 Cor. 14:40), in which is given the exhortation, "Let all things be done decently." It is interesting to compare the Greek of the original with the English of King James' version. In the former the word takes on a high meaning,

implying something of grace and beauty. Perhaps when we get down to the root of the thought we shall find even there some of the sap which flowers out into beauty and grace. The Greek word is translated by an English word derived from the Latin root, which the translators must have supposed to be synonymous. Throughout the classical writings the word seems to be used to signify *fitness* and *pleasingness*. Going a little lower shall we not find in our minds that these two ideas, while different, are so related, that whatever really is "fit" is "pleasing." There seems to be a demand in the human spirit that things shall fit. Now what does the word mean? Our English "fit" seems to come from "feat," and to be equivalent to the French "fait." It is *something done*, something accomplished. Nothing was called a "feat" which was not finished. Ancient English ballads were divided into "fitts" as each portion was done. By "fits and starts," as an old phrase runs, implied that after something is finished something else is begun. So in our modern scientific phrase, "the survival of the fittest," simply means the survival of the completest.

Now then, "a decent thing" must be a thing which gives pleasure because it gives a sense of completeness. It is that in which nothing can be altered without injury.

Let us apply these thoughts to practical life. We know that decency has been demanded in all ages among all people, barbarous as well as civilized, the rude as well as the polished, and it has always been noticed that "decency" does not have its chief value in itself but in its relation to something else. An old English writer makes this translation of a portion of Horace's "Art of Poetry:"

> "Of sortes and ages thou must note the manner and the guyse;
> A decensie for stirring youth, for elder folke likewise."

It will be very easy to see that if there were proper ideas of decency many fashions in dress would instantly disappear. Fashion is not to be scouted. Perhaps none has ever appeared among women which had not a proper origin. The trouble with fashion is that it is so tyrannical as often to destroy fitness. For instance, a blonde woman of known taste, who devotes the energies of her life

to studying the propriety of dress, and who is the Queen of Fashion, because she does not stop one moment to consider what other people think, but simply strives to find out what will fit her heighth and complexion, her age, and the color of the room and the nature of the light in which she is to be seen, always seems decent. A sister of hers, who is two inches taller and six inches broader, and who is a brunette, copies the exact cut and color of her sister's apparel. The woman next further removed from her in society adopts the same kind of dress, without regard to any connections, and so it spreads until the hairdressers, the chambermaids and the cooks, long and short, stout and slender, blonde and brunette, all appear in the same fashion.

In a few cases that fashion is decent, but in most cases are not men and women indecently dressed? Each man, even in his dress, should pay only this much regard to the apparel of his fellow man, namely: that he shall not seem to make himself conspicuous by the arbitrary selection of garments for the purpose of making himself conspicuous and nothing more. The prevailing thought should be that which fits him; that is to say, his

dress shall not suggest to the beholder the sense that anything is wanting or anything over done.

It must be noted that all behavior, to be decent, must change with changing circumstances. It would be indecent for a judge to conduct himself during the trial of a capital case as he would when playing with his children in the nursery, or superintending the affairs of his stable. One of the greatest arts of happy and handsome living is to be able to adapt one's self immediately to the demands of the changed condition, and this reminds us that our English word "fit" has sometimes been derived from a Dutch word signifying "swift" or "quick." If a man be too slow in passing from one condition of behavior to another, in both of which he shall be decent, that is to say, fitting, it is very clear that there may be an unfit and therefore indecent interval, so that a man may pass from one "decent" to another "decent" by a bridge that is indecent. This is to be avoided.

It follows that cast iron manners will sometimes be decent and sometimes indecent, according to their connections. A great man was playing with his little children, one astride of him and another

driving him, while he was on all fours. At the moment a prominent official was announced, he immediately put the children aside, saying: "We must change this: here comes a fool." He simply meant that there was a person approaching who believes that a man in high position, and exercising great power, should always be behaving as he would in his most conspicuous publicity at the moment of a great state affair.

Very many mistakes in the judgment arise from this canon. I once had a friend, a bishop, who had a genial heart, but whose manners were such that I told him, when we were alone, that he expended as much dignity in picking up a pin from the floor as would suffice to ordain twenty priests.

Another difficulty about maintaining decency is the ease with which we make mistakes as to relations. It is possible to conceive of circumstances as being gay and conform our behavior thereto, when in point of fact the circumstances are grave. It requires no little discernment to be always able to be accurate in this department of thought and action.

In the American Declaration of Independence

mention is made of "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Now, if a number of persons should be set down to answer the question as to what this is, a great variety of answers might be expected; but certainly the phrase intimates that there must be some regard to the opinions of mankind, and that there may be an indecent regard. The framers of "The Declaration" simply wished to know that respect which was not too much, not too little, but just complete; that is to say, just fit. We are all conscious, not only of the possibility, but also of the liability of falling into the indecency of too much or the indecency of too little.

I am not sure but that our word "decent" runs back through the Latin into the Greek, and finds its root in a word which means that which is binding upon one, that which he ought to do, that which is needed to be done. If this conjecture be correct, the word to which I allude has its root in the Greek word which means God. And so we come to perceive strong connection between "decency" and "godliness." It is impossible to conceive of God in the abstract, or of that concrete God, Jesus Christ, doing anything indecent, that is to say,

unbecoming His nature or His relations to the universe and to the history of His august connections with the universe, which means, that under any circumstances toward any being He could do anything that was either too great or too little for one who is God to do.

If, then, that is decent which is exactly and precisely, without the slightest excess or defect, the very thing which should be done by the doer, amid all the circumstances and under all the conditions of the case, then the highest possible epithet of praise which can be bestowed upon any action of either God or man is that it is—"decent."

XXI.

"A HARD, HARD WORLD."

THE other day I read the following paragraph in one of the brightest journals published in America, with caption as above:

"The most pitiful sentence I have read in a newspaper in a long time was that brief line in one of the New York dailies the other morning in connection with an author of good parts whom bad luck had driven to suicide, "He had no friends." The reporter who wrote the article was merely filling in the perfunctory details of a police record, and had already given the name, nativity, sex, age, occupation and dwelling place of the unfortunate.

Usually these descriptions end with the statement that 'a brother took charge of the remains,' or 'the coroner delivered the body to the friends of the deceased,' or 'the lodge of which the deceased was a member will conduct the funeral.' But this man, borne down to despair and death in the midst of a teeming city where he had lived and labored for twenty years, 'had no friends.' Ah, this world, which looks so small when we measure its girth with a telegraph cable, how infinitely huge it seems sometimes when we try to span the distance on its surface between man and man!"

Is the tone of this article quite healthy? Is its

view of the matter quite correct? Which party is to be blamed in this case, the world, or the dead man? One does not wish even to think unkindly of the departed, but still one wants to keep an intellectual poise. Let us look at the case as given. Here was a man, a man of good parts, an author, who had committed suicide. It is held that he was compelled to commit that crime by "bad luck," and the statement is added, "he had no friends." Complaint is now made that there was no more said by the reporter in the newspaper. Well, what more was there to be said? There is no such thing as luck, good or bad, to "drive" any man to anything. But here was a man, an author, a person of good parts, who dies in a great city without friends. Who is to blame for that? Every human being upon the face of the earth can have friends if he will have friends, but if he throw off the friendship of the world, if he repel his fellow man through life, or if he do absolutely nothing for the world, what right has he to look to the world to do something for him? But whoever this man was—I am sure I do not know—the world has done very much for him. Every man

that comes into existence finds houses, roads, cleared land, woodland, and a population that had been on the premises for years and years before himself; consequently he is born under an immense debt to the world. He may choose to live without performing a single kind act, without exercising his intellect to give the least assistance to the progress of humanity, and he may expect to be carried through the whole march by his comrades. Now shall the army in which he is enrolled as much as any of the others be blamed if at last when his comrades have tried for years to hold him up they let the heavy weight fall by the wayside?

Suppose all the world were like this suicide. Would it not be a very much worse world? I think I have the right to assume that no man can lead a life of kindly deeds and devotion to the material, the mental, and the spiritual progress of his race without having friends. We have very high authority for the assertion, "he that would have friends must show himself friendly." There is no position in society however low, there is no situation however straitened, in which any human being touches other human beings without having an op-

portunity to be kind; and it is impossible to be kind without producing some reciprocal kindness. The world is not as hard as this case would seem to make it, and almost all that is hard in the world comes from just such people as lead just such lives as are closed by suicide.

Having now been three score years and ten in human society, having lived at home and in foreign lands, been rich and poor, been in war and in peace, in negro cabins and Egyptian huts, I have found that the world metes out to a man very much what a man metes out to the world, and that it loves to be kind.

Dear old world, as at this Christmas tide I have said something kind of thee, I should not wonder if thou say something kind of me, when I have left thee. I shall not hear it, perhaps, but wherever I go I shall have something good to say of thee. I am very glad, at least, that I have had so many Christmases with thee!

XXII.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM.

THERE seems to have been a great mistake as to the character and spirit of the early Christian communism. This mistake has not been confined to vulgar minds; it has been shared by men of exalted genius. The case is thus stated in the Acts of the Apostles: "All that believed were together, and had all things common; and they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all according as any man had need" (Chap. ii., 44, 45). "And the multitude of them that believed, were of one heart and soul; and not one of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Upon this, so acute a man as the eloquent Bossuet remarks: "It is the divine will that there should be equality among men; that is to say, that none should want, but that all should have what they need, and that there should be compensation for inequality. When shall we say with our whole

heart to our suffering brother, 'All that is mine is thine,' and to our more wealthy brother, 'All that is thine is mine?'" In the same paragraph he says: "Let charity equalize all, according to St. Paul, who says that all should be equal."

The eloquent bishop fails to refer us to any passage in the writings of the apostle where he makes any such statement, and he fails to recall the passage in which St. Paul said, "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

The record in Holy Scriptures shows the following state of affairs: (1) The community had none in it who were not Christians. (2) There was no denial of their right to hold property; property was not considered robbery. (3) Each had an unquestioned right to retain his property, to sell his property, to retain the proceeds or contribute them as he chose. (4) While no one was compelled to put his property into the common stock, it was done out of charity and by no communistic law.

Nowhere in the New Testament is there an encouragement to any man to say to his wealthier brother, "All thine is mine." That is the language of the communism of diabolism. To say to

our suffering brother, "All mine is thine," is the language of Christian communism. The inequalities are to be met not by the violent claims of the poor, but by the spontaneous charity of the rich. Christian communism does not find its possibilities in the wants of some, but in the love of others. It can never be brought about by the snatching of the needy, but by the generosity of the wealthy. The former is the devil's method; the latter is Christ's. The devil's instrument is dynamite; Christ's instrument is charity. The devil has always been a liar and a failure; Christ has always been the truth and a success.

The two classes who stand most in the way of the adjustment of the difficulties of social life are those who shout at the wealthier brother, "All thine is mine," and those who fail to say to the poorer brother, "All mine is thine." Let not the latter class forget that they are just as guilty as the former. The two most injurious, perhaps equally injurious, classes in the community, are the ungenerous rich and the greedy poor. The strength and beauty of society are the considerate, charitable rich and the contented, industrious poor.

XXIII.

IN A COURT-HOUSE.

It is an old legal maxim that every man is to be presumed to be innocent until *proved* to be guilty. That seems to be accordant with common sense. How could there be society without it? In our courts criminal proceedings are had to establish allegations against some one who is charged with what, if true, would make him guilty. No process whatever is needed to establish any man's innocence. That stands as if it had been established by every court in the land. But when an allegation is made it must be proved by sufficient testimony to destroy all reasonable belief in the accused person's innocency. Until that is accomplished no man must give credence to the allegation but hold the accused as innocent as if nothing had been even surmised against him.

Now how far is this true in point of fact? Is it not rather true that when an accusation is made

against a man, whatever may have been his previous character, he is immediately considered bound to bring evidence to show that he was *not* guilty? Even if the prosecution fail to convict and the defendant go clear, unless sufficient evidence be brought to convince the indifferent and uninterested hearer, he will still regard the *accused* as *guilty*, and go to his grave holding the two words as synonymous and the two ideas as equivalent.

This has been brought to me very forcibly by an attendance upon a court in which for three days an attempt was made to impanel a jury. Several hundreds of jurors were called, and scores of them testified that they were so affected by prejudice that no amount or kind of evidence could be brought to remove that prejudice. That is to say, before a single particle of evidence had been adduced, a very large proportion of the population had made up their minds on the guilt or innocence of the accused just as those minds should have been determined by the examination of all the evidence that was *to be* produced but which had not *been* produced on the trial, because the trial really could not begin before the jury was impaneled.

A citizen sitting as juror, if he hear testimony on behalf of the prosecution which does not convince him beyond reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused, must find the defendant "*not* guilty," even if he produce not a particle of evidence of his innocence. And yet nine out of ten of the men examined answered what amounted to this: that when any kind or amount of evidence had been brought by the prosecution, although it were utterly worthless, it devolved on the defendant to establish his innocence beyond question! "He must prove his innocence," said dozens of men under examination.

The melancholy result of this view of facts is to create the impression that the tendency is to think evil rather than to believe good of our kind. It seems to be the same in every department of life. A great majority of people are disposed rather to anticipate evil than good. In other words, into our blood has come a strain of pessimism. Will anything mend matters until there comes a change by a strong infusion of the happy optimism of our blessed religion?

XXIV.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

[Delivered in Madison Square Garden, New York, at the opening of the Eleventh Annual Convention, July 7, 1892.]

Fellow Endeavorers, to me has fallen the honor and the pleasure of welcoming, on behalf of the pastors of New York, to the greatest city in the youngest nationality, the largest body of organized Christian workers in the world. Without affectation or pretence I can understand why this honorable and pleasing duty should have been assigned to me. I am almost the patriarch of the pastorate in New York, a very few of my brethren having been pastor of one church-flock so long as I have. I am presumed, therefore, to know my colleagues. On the other hand, in the very beginning I heard the

chirp of this young eaglet in its "down East" nest, and have watched and nursed and cheered it, until I have lived to see its wings spread wide and its pinions in perpetual flutter as it soars high in mid ether, and turns its unblinking eyes at the sun of righteousness. Then perhaps I am the very person who should present the welcome of one of these parties to the other. Of my brethren of the pastorate of New York, I can speak the best things. Very certainly there is not one of them who, in my opinion, is faithless to the trusts confided in his hands by the great head of the church. As a body the clergy of New York are learned, faithful, courageous, devoted ministers of the gospel of the blessed God. Amongst them there is great independence of thinking, and they have repeated divergence of opinion, but they feel that they are set for the protection and propagation of our most holy faith; and I do not know a man amongst us who would deliberately hurt any human being or maliciously oppose anything which he could be made to see had power in it to increase the sway of Jesus over the hearts of man. In the name of my beloved colleagues I extend to all rep-

resentatives of the Y. P. S. C. E. a welcome to New York, our New York and yours; a welcome to our churches, our churches and yours; a welcome to our homes, our homes and yours. As we have prayed for you while you were coming, so now we pray that your sojourn in this city may be comfortable and edifying to you, and an immense benediction to us and to our congregations.

As I have spoken my deliberate opinion of the pastors of New York, so I may express my opinion of the institution represented by this magnificent assemblage. From the beginning of its existence it has engaged my attention very closely. I have watched its growth not with the fear of suspicion, but with the trepidation of tender love. I have been afraid that grievous mistakes might be made by even the good men who have been engaged in its upbuilding. The very rapidity of its growth has sometimes made me afraid, but to-day I am permitted to give you a welcome with the most unqualified heartiness because I can truly say that there is no management in America which seems to me to be less open to adverse criticism

than the management of the Y. P. S. C. E. I know how much this is for me to say; and before you and the Great Captain of our salvation, I do say it most deliberately and most cordially.

That the institution was needed seems to be indicated by the concurrence in its support of so many representative Christian men divergent in theology and in ecclesiastical views. That it has had the blessing of God and the good will of men, and that it has supplied what has been called a "felt want," has been demonstrated by the rapidity of the extension of its operations, the very recital of which almost takes away one's breath. Eleven years ago there was one society, ten years ago there were 2, nine years ago there were 56, five years ago there were 2314, to-day more than 22,000 societies are reported in the city of New York at the eleventh annual convention. Nine years ago I remember that there were 2870 members in the 56 societies; five years ago there were 140,000 members in the 2314 societies; one year ago it was announced in Minneapolis that there were 1,000,000 members, and to that number

500,000 have been added during the past year. Has there ever been a growth like that since the day the Lord Jesus Christ ascended up on high and led captivity captive, and gave good gifts to men?

In welcoming you would it be amiss to invite you to a brief study of the causes of this phenomenal growth?

First of all, I do not find it in the form of the organization but in the spirit of this society, which more than any other found on earth in this 19th century, reminds one of Christ's Christianity. The society does not depend for its existence and growth, as many ecclesiastical systems do, upon the strength and compactness of its organization, but as most growing things do, upon the internal life of its individual members. No one can continue a member of the Y. P. S. C. E. who is not seeking to have the spirit of Christ. He may belong for years to a lodge or even a church, and have no more the spirit of Christ than any outsider. He may belong to any one of those organizations and never lift a finger nor wink an eye to bring himself or others to a higher life; but the very motive

for joining one of our societies is to do that very thing. Its very operation continually keeps a man up to the activities of real Christian living or grinds him out of the society.

The binding and stimulating element in Y. P. S. C. E. is the pledge taken by each active member. That pledge is worth your closest study. If it were not inspired by the Holy Ghost it is one of the most remarkable of the uninspired productions of the human intellect. It is thoroughly spiritual. It is thoroughly loyal to the local church to which the member of the society belongs, and thoroughly loyal to God's Christ. It combines faith and works just as the holy Scriptures do. It is after the model of the Psalmist: "*Trust* in the Lord and *do* good." It is after the model of the Apostle: "Show me thy *faith* by thy *works*." It teaches that a Christian life is one that works from the inner man to the outer; and this is what distinguishes Christianity from all the other ethical cults in the world. It furnishes a constant spring of motion, not from a man's regard for the good opinon of his fellow men, but from his loyalty to his Divine Master. It is a manly pledge because

given to God alone, and avoiding all impracticable details.

To show that these things are so, let us read its opening: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day; and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life." It will be perceived that there is nothing in this pledge for which a member can be called to account except by the Judge of all earth. It will be seen that there is the promise only of an *endeavor* which can be kept by the weakest member, whatever failure may occur in his practical life. The member does not promise to pray and read the Bible every day; he simply promises to make it *the rule of his life* to do this. For all failures he holds himself accountable only unto God, not to any human society.

Now it is manifest that the manliest man in all America can sign that part of the pledge, and become the better by the signing.

The second part of the pledge is that which has made the Endeavor Society a gymnasium of Christian activity. The active member promises to be at every prayer meeting of his society, and by speech or prayer or reading, there, amongst his brethren, of about the same age, all belonging to his own local church, to add something to the interest of the meeting. It is because of the general fidelity with which this pledge has been kept that the evangelical churches in America have during the past ten years become more interesting, more instructive, more profitable to the community than during the fifty years which immediately preceded. To-day, more than ever before, Jesus Christ can look down upon the American churches and say, "Ye are my witnesses."

My dear brethren, it is to our loyalty to our local church—not merely to our denomination—that the Christian Endeavor movement largely owes its success. There have been other young people's societies inside the church and outside the

church, but those inside have ordinarily distracted the congregation, and those outside have drawn away the members and weakened the church. I am an old pastor, and I declare to you on my honor that if I were this day pastor of any church in which the authorities, without my concurrence, would persist allowing any other young people's society than the Y. P. S. C. E., I should instantaneously resign. It is because its members recognize the Christian Endeavor Society to be only a means and not at all an end, not existing to build up itself, but existing simply to build up the church of which it is a part, that this youngest Christian movement has had such wonderful growth.

Associate members are admitted to this society, but that is simply another name for inviting candidates for church membership. Let any student of ecclesiastical history see if he can discover any organization which has ever added to the churches of America 82,500 members in one year. He will find that the Y. P. S. C. E. did that in 1890, and did it from its associate members, in addition to its influence in bringing in others who were outside both Church and Society.

If the Y. P. S. C. E. grow proportionately as it has since 1871, the close of this century will find 8,000,000 of names upon its roll. Now there might be 8,000,000 of names on any roll which might stand for only the figure 8 and six ciphers, but let us remember that on the rolls of the Y. P. S. C. E. it stands for 8,000,000 of real things, and that each one of those real things is human, and that each of those human beings is young; and that each one of those young persons loves the Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of his salvation, with a passion, and that those Christian young persons are at work, and that they are engaged in constant conservative and aggressive work for real vital Christ-like Christianity, regardless of scientific theology and all mere human ecclesiasticism.

What a grand prospect spreads out for the future! If there be no faithlessness and no faltering, the man who, in any city in America, shall stand to welcome the convention of 1900—may I be that man!—will have behind him a retrospect of magnificent achievement, and before him an Apocalyptic vision as splendid as ever fell on John's anointed eyes on Patmos. The hope and the assurance of

such a thing lie in the strenuous preservation of the active members' pledge. Drop that out and the Y. P. S. C. E. would soon be relegated to that church-closet in which are now lying the malodorous rags and remnants of the many defunct young peoples' societies that fumed and fussed and fizzled, and expired in all the past of our church history. Let it be distinctly understood, let it be proclaimed, let it be maintained, that any association which claims to be a Y. P. S. C. E. and does not have this identical pledge, and does not insist upon the exact and constant observance of the pledge, is a delusion and a snare to say the least, and that it lays itself open to the violent suspicion of being also a fraud.

During the lifetime of our young society, the question of Christian union has attracted more interest than ever before since the Reformation. I do not attribute this interest to the existence of our society, although no violence would be done to probabilities if such a statement were made, but I do wish to call attention to, what I think would not be denied as a fact, the promotion of Christian unity by the increase of interdenominational intercourse which has been brought about by our societies.

The ecclesiastical projects have all been cold, faulty, pragmatical and impracticable schemes, working from without, and binding people together with external cords. The work in this direction of the Y. P. S. C. E. has been more effective than all other things combined, because it has been spontaneous, without plan or purpose, unworldly, spiritual and Christly. Ecclesiastical uniters would bind unwilling people together by their thongs, but Christ would draw people together by the bonds of a man and the cords of love. Ecclesiastical reasoning endeavors to show that the way to bring about Christian unity would be for the members of each church to make some concessions, thus hurting their consciences, and to come together upon some common ground which not one of them would naturally or graciously wish to occupy. Now the Christian Endeavor movement is the very reverse of this; it binds each one of its members to devote his force to building up his own local church as that course of conduct which will be most pleasing to the Lord Jesus Christ. When this work is fully started in several churches and the workmen begin to perceive that their fellow Christians in other churches are

animated by the same spirit, conferences naturally occur, and these conferences grow, and because all are governed by the same spirit, and subordinate all society as well as all ecclesiastical operations to the promotion and glory of Jesus Christ, they come to love one another. Now love is the natural predecessor of courtship, as courtship is the natural forerunner of wedlock, and thus it has come to pass that more than anything else a movement designed to promote the glory of Christ through increased interest in each Christian's special church has done more than anything else to advance that only unity which is dear to the heart of Christ, not the putting of His people into one ecclesiastical fold, but binding together His people while they are preserving the individuality of their churches, their denominational personalities, just as the Father and the Son are one, without sacrifice of either's personality. In no other sense probably did Jesus Christ pray for Christian unity. His prayer was that the disciples whom He left behind Him, together with all those who should believe on Jesus through their word, "may be one;" He adds, "as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that they also be one in us." There

is no more indication of the desire of Jesus that we should lose our individuality by being united to all other Christian people than that the Father should lose His personality in that of the Son, or the Son His personality in that of the Father. To the fulfillment of His prayer that all Christians might be one in the Father and in the Son, the Y. P. S. C. E. has contributed more than all the other movements of Christian people in the last five hundred years.

In grateful memory of all the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has already done for our Lord Christ, and in loving anticipation of what it is to be doing when all of us shall have ascended to the Great Convention on high, in behalf of the pastors of the Christian Churches in the city of New York, I extend to you, as a body and as individuals, dear sisters and brothers of the Y. P. S. C. E., in our eleventh Convention assembled, a tender, warm, heartfelt welcome to our great, our growing, our beloved city of New York. O, leave blessings for our churches and our homes and take blessings to all your homes and churches, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

XXV.

THE BANNER OF JESUS.

Written for the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Y. P. S. C. E.

Air—*Star Spangled Banner.*

See, see, Comrades! see, floating high in the air,
The love-woven, blood-sprinkled banner of Jesus!
The symbol of hope, beating down all despair,
From sin and its thralldom triumphantly frees us.
By the hand that was pierced
It was lifted at first,
When the bars of the grave by our Captain were burst;
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

Shout, shout, Comrades! shout, that our Captain and Lord,
That standard of hope first entrusted to woman;
And Mary, dear saint, in obeying His word,
Flung out its wide folds over all that is human:
So there came to embrace
That sweet ensign of grace,
All the true and the great, all the best of our race:
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

March, march, Comrades! march, all the young, all the old,
The army of Christ and of Christian Endeavor;
With heroes our souls having now been enrolled,
Our banner we'll follow forever and ever.
For our march shall not cease
'Till the Gospel of peace
Shall our race in all lands from its tyrants release;
That blood-sprinkled banner must yet be unfurled
O'er the homes of all men and the thrones of the world.

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